THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY WEEKLY PERIODICAL---Devoted to Literature, Science, Domestic and Foreign News, Mechanics, Agriculture, Education, Finance, Amusements, &c.---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

PUBLISHED BY WM. M. SWAIN & CO., LEDGER BUILDINGS, S. W. CORNER OF THIRD AND CHESNUT STREETS---$1 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XIX. PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1861. NO. 4.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

MY MOTHER'S DEATH.

BY WM. G. MEACHEM, M. D.

Disease had fastened on thy tender frame,
Long ere it haled thee to his master, Death.
With scientific eye, I saw him lay
His earliest, gentlest hand upon thy breast.
This early, gentle pressure, scarce perceived,
Thou thoughtst a kindly hand imparted it:
But arch Disease, with pressure deepening e'er,
At length thy bosom clasped in rigid gripe.
And now it heaved with palpitating throbs—
Anon 'twould struggle with asthmatic breath.
Thy features, swelled and livid, told the eye,
The pressure of that unrelaxing clutch
Upon the refluence of the crimson tide.
The damned up conduits of the vital blood
O'erflowed their boundaries with dropsy's flood.
Deluged with oozings from the porous veins,
Thy lower body was unwieldy weight.
At last, while slumberous shadows sealed thine eye,
The beadle, strong, insidious Disease,
Into the audience court of grisly Death
Ushered thy presence—face to face thou wast
With the grim tyrant of this nether sphere!
When the dread truth that Death's keen, barbed shaft
Was on a tardy, but unerring flight
Into thy bosom, dawned upon thy mind,
A transient horror shuddered through thy frame:
But nature's trembling soon was soothed to rest,
The calm serenity of Christian faith.
Thus lingering on the confines of that world
Whither the flight of time hurries us all,
Thy thoughts were shared betwixt this world and that.
An elder sister o'er the briny sea,
Four loving sons, to manhood's strength attained,
With silken fibres knit thy heart to earth.
A brother, sister, parents gone before,
Three long lost children and a sainted spouse,
With sweet attraction, upward urged thy soul.
A fervid longing for the joys before,
And deep solicitude for all behind,
With light and shade commingled spread thy face
All skilled o'er with colors of decay.
Thy busy fingers, toiling to the last
With kindliest deeds a mother's love provoked,
Disclosed the cords that bound thy heart to earth,
And added fibres to that filial love
Binding a child's existence to thine own.
Ah, me! to make the parting at the last
Tear from my bosom longer tied to life
A wider, deeper, bloodier, sharper wound.

Oft have I seen thee with abstracted gaze
Tracing the landscapes of the world to come,
In solemn contemplation picturing out
The splendors of the New Jerusalem—
The battlemented walls of "precious stones,"
The golden streets, the "many mansions" built,
The "crystal" waters of "the river of life,"
The glorious "throne of God and of the Lamb,"
The choirs of angels chanting loud his praise,
Prophets, apostles, martyrs, countless saints,
Swelling the chorus of seraphic song.
Oft have I seen thee plunged in reverent thought,
Above the Holy Bible's blessed page,
Tracing therein the way of humble faith,
That at the last thou might'st not miss the goal.
But all thine earthly days are numbered now;
Thy joyous, blooming youth, thy vigorous prime,
Thine age scarce sprinkled with the frosts of time,
Thy latest sickness, weary days and nights,
The solemn struggle of expiring life,
Have been achieved. Dear mother, *art* thou dead?
I saw thee just as life's pale flame expired.
I saw thee in the shroud and coffin drssed.
Sadly I followed thee to burial.
I saw thee lowered in the narrow pit.
I heard the clods fall dull above thy head,
In human utterance plaintive echoing, "Earth
To earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."
I heard the clinking spade, the rattling dirt.
I saw the yawning, dismal pit filled up.
I left thee to putrescence and the worm.
Not *thee*, dear Mother, did I leave to rot:
Thy *body* only has completion claimed:
Thyself, thy blessed *spirit*, dwells with God,
Freed from the burden of mortality.
Within that solemn churchyard, side by side
With all that's earthly of thy sainted spouse,
Thine own fair form shall crumble into dust—
Dust, howsoever changed by chronic laws,
And dissipated to remotest parts
By the revolving periods of time,
Shall hear the summons of the Archangel's trump
And, carried by the swift four winds of heaven,
Shall reunite its ancient particles,
Sublimed within the burning of the sphere,
Into a body pure and glorified.

I would not question what my hopes affirm,
I may not question what my reason says,
I dare not question what the Bible tells
Of immortality beyond the grave;
And yet, dear Mother, would that thou might'st come
In person from the unseen spirit-land,
Or send a message by an angel's hand
To certify me of the future life.
Mother, come back to earth and tell thy child,
Thy child left sorrowing beside thy grave,
That thou still liv'st, o'er death and hell supreme.
Come in the whirl and jostle of the day
And loudly warn me, "This is not your rest."
Come in the meditative evening hour,
And hold celestial converse with my thoughts.
Come in the silent watches of the night,
And breathe thy spirit breath within mine ear.
Come in thy drapery of spotless white,
And stand confessed, a disembodied soul.
Or send by ministering angel's wing
Thine own apocalyptic map of heaven.
Or send me, by the blessed Spirit's voice
Thine attestation to the Saviour's words,
"I am the resurrection and the life."

O unbelieving me, why doubt the sight
Thy wishes, reason and the Scriptures give?
Why question there's a blessed land of rest
Beyond the tossing of life's troublous sea,
When, with the telescopic eye of faith,
From off the mast-head of a holy life,
We spy afar a lovely reach of shore
Bright with the radiance of immortal day?
O faith, be thou my clear, discerning eye
Till my frail bark shall anchor on that strand
Where cold nor heat, tempest nor storm prevails,
But flowery spring, serene, eternal reigns.
Dear parents, safe from life's uproarious main,
I see you, with my trusty telescope,
Stand, arm in arm, upon the heavenly shore,
Watching the fleet of your loved children's souls
Battle the howling winds and waves of time.
With straining eyes ye mark their onward paths,
And breathe out earnest prayers in their behalf,
Imploring safety on the dangerous sea
And at the last an anchorage in heaven.
Ye blessed spirits in the world of light,
Ye happy lovers reunited now,
Soon, soon my mortal voyage will be o'er,
And, O God, grant my feet to press the sand
Where father, mother, waiting watchers, stand!

Warsaw, N. Y.

OUR ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

"LINDEN HALL."

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY M. A. EDWARDS.

[Copyright secured according to law.]

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XI.

Gertrude declined accompanying us to the Asylum, so our party was diminished to four, as Kate did not put her threat in execution in regard to Professor Bland. It was a bitter cold day, but we were all in high spirits. Wrapping our furs around us, we defied the cold, and as we proceeded we felt that exhilaration of spirits which the jingling of sleigh-bells, rapid motion over the frozen ground, and pleasant company always inspire. Even Mr. Croland yielded to circumstances, and, shaking off his ill-humor, condescended to make himself agreeable, and entertained us so well with his ready wit and varied information, that Kate congratulated herself on having secured such an addition to our party. We took a long ride, and visited the Asylum on our return. As the sleigh wound slowly round the hill leading to it, Kate declared that to be the happiest morning she had spent since entering Linden Hall, and, at the same time, baptized that respectable edifice with a variety of names not to be found in any work on architecture.

"Oh! Kate," I exclaimed, "how dare you abuse that classic abode, when two of the learned faculty are present?"

"That only shows that I'm deficient in the organ of reverence, and proves the truth of Mr. Meredith's phrenology. You, Serena, are a very venerable specimen of the learned faculty, with your long ringlets. By the way, didn't I hear Miss Pinchem holding forth this morning to you on that very subject?"

"Yes," I replied, "she has held forth upon that topic very frequently. She assures me that such a profusion of curls is a sign of a weak intellect."

"That is because she has not more than a dozen hairs scattered over her head, and they are as stiff as wires. Do you know," she exclaimed, suddenly turning to Mr. Croland, "that I think Serena looks very much like you?"

The quick blood rushed over Mr. Croland's face, and then receding, left it an ashy paleness.

We were surprised by this great emotion, produced by so slight a cause, while Kate, to cover his confusion, said pleasantly:

"Who would have thought Mr. Croland was a bashful man? Now you are at your wits' ends to think of something pretty to say. Never mind, Serena will excuse you; but, Allan, don't you think so?"

"It is very striking," he replied. "I observed it when I first saw Mr. Croland, and thought he must be some relation of Miss M'Cloud's."

Mr. Croland looked keenly at Allan as he spoke, but by this time he had recovered his self-possession, and said coldly:

"Miss M'Cloud will hardly thank you for discovering a likeness so little flattering to herself."

Here the sleigh stopped at the entrance of the Asylum, and precluded the necessity of a reply.

We were met by the gentlemanly Superintendent, who conducted us over the building and grounds. Everything was there that could contribute to comfort and happiness. A fine library, music, rooms for sewing, cabinets containing rare flowers, minerals and birds, a fine conservatory, and beautiful grounds.

"Your patients must certainly be happy, surrounded by so many beautiful and interesting objects," said Mr. Croland to the Superintendent, as we wandered through the rooms.

"Most of them seem so, sir," he replied; "indeed it is a difficult matter sometimes to tell they are insane, so rational is their enjoyment. We have a very interesting patient here," he continued, "whom visiters are generally very anxious to see. He has but lately been connected with this institution, but he has been in the Almshouse in this city for several years. He was found wandering in the woods, and carried there, and, though many attempts have been made to ascertain his name and former residence, they have hitherto been fruitless. He either does not, or will not recollect his former history. He is known among us as Uncle Joe. His conversation is sometimes very beautiful, though I think he is utterly innocent of any attempt to make it so."

"What seems to be his peculiar form of insanity?" said Mr. Croland.

"His mind dwells upon the dead, and he frequently converses with imaginary beings. He says he is constantly attended by spirits. Sometimes he fancies they are fiends, and that he must subdue them. At such times he is furious, and we find it necessary to confine him, but usually he is perfectly harmless, and is a favorite with every one in the Asylum."

My mind recurred to the strange encounter I had had with a lunatic, in the wood near Sydney, and I inquired if he were quite an old man.

"I should think he was about seventy," replied the Superintendent, "but he is active and healthy. He is very restless, and for that reason we are obliged to watch him closely. He is always anxious to get away—to visit the dead—he says. At one time he escaped from the Almshouse, and was missing for several weeks. He was at last found near Sydney, a village thirty miles from this city."

We all expressed a desire to see this interesting old man, and the Superintendent promised to bring him to us when we returned to the library. He proposed, however, that we should first visit another building, where were kept a variety of ingenious articles, manufactured by the patients.

Kate and I declined going, and awaited the return of the gentlemen in the library. The room was vacant, and we amused ourselves looking over the books. While thus employed an aged man entered the library, and advancing to Kate, pleasantly wished her good morning. I recognized him instantly as the old man who had thrown the withered leaves at my feet and uttered the prophecy which was so strangely verified. This, then, was Uncle Joe.

He did not perceive me at first, as I stood in the shadow of the curtain, but when I advanced to meet him he drew back, and, shading his eyes with his hand, he looked at me keenly for a moment. Then, as if recollecting himself, he took my offered hand and said, with grave politeness, "It is pleasant to me for the young to visit me. I was young once myself, but that was long, very long ago."

I was sorry to see his face become clouded, and a troubled and bewildered look flitted across his countenance whenever he beheld me. I was anxious to discover if he remembered our former interview, and asked him if he had ever seen me before.

"Yes, yes, often," he replied, "but you look happier now. You always gaze at me mournfully, and your blue eyes are full of tears—and sometimes you look worse than that, horrible! oh, horrible!" and he shuddered. "But no," he said, pressing his hand on his forehead, "there is something wrong *here*, I don't quite know what it is. I must think—I must think," he murmured, looking at me perplexed.

"Don't think about it at all," said Kate, kindly, "you never saw this lady before."

He seemed relieved when she said this, and looked up with a grateful smile.

"You have a beautiful place here," said I, anxious to turn his mind into a different channel.

"Yes," he replied, "very beautiful, but 'tis all passing away. In a short time there will be nothing left here but ghosts and shadows."

"But there are no ghosts here now," said Kate.

"There are many, very many," he said. "The whole place is filled with them. The dead among the living, that is the way everywhere."

"I should like to see a ghost," said Kate, carelessly.

"Ah!" he said, in a dreamy tone, "you will see them! you will see them! When the darkness comes—the night of your despair—they will surely visit you. They will gaze at you reproachfully with their hollow eyes, and point with their bony fingers, down, down far into the blackness of the grave."

"And then," said I, quickly, interrupting him, "they will point *beyond* the grave, to a land of glory, and of beauty, where there shall be despair and darkness no more forever."

He looked at me inquiringly, and then said, thoughtfully: "Yes, there *is* a little ray of light, and sometimes, even through the darkness, I can catch the gleam of bright-colored wings, and sweet voices sing pleasant words to me about the rest of the grave—I wonder if I shall find peace there."

"There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest," I repeated.

A bright smile lit up his features for an instant, but they were soon clouded, as he said, sorrowfully:

"But I tell you they do *not* rest. The dead are with me all the time, their shadows fall on everything around me."

"Perhaps they will leave you after a while," I said, soothingly.

"Never, never," he exclaimed, with earnestness. "They follow me everywhere, and will follow me forever."

I looked at Kate, her eyes were full of tears. I felt mine grow dim, and I walked to the door of the library. Here I met the gentlemen, who entered at that moment. The Superintendent and Allan spoke kindly to Uncle Joe, and immediately drew him into conversation, but my whole attention was absorbed by Mr. Croland. He gazed, like one transfixed with horror, at the lunatic. He became very pale, while great drops stood upon his brow.

"My God!" he murmured, "has the grave given up its dead?"

No one noticed this extreme agitation except myself. The others were gathered around Uncle Joe. Suddenly the eye of the lunatic fell upon Mr. Croland, a lurid gleam shot forth from it, and for a moment the two men glared upon each other. Then a piercing shriek burst from the lips of the lunatic.

"Ah!" he screamed, "you have come again. You are the fearful fiend that torments me—but I have you now."

So saying, he uttered a horrible yell, and would have rushed upon Mr. Croland, had not the Superintendent seized him, and, with the help of two men, whom the lunatic's screams had brought to the room, he was secured. He was led away, and the last words we heard him utter were to beg his captors to destroy the fiend, who gave him no rest.

While this was passing, Mr. Croland had entirely recovered from his strange emotion, while Kate and I were white and trembling with terror.

"I am sorry, ladies," said the Superintendent, as the cries of the madman were lost in the distance, "that this should have occurred; but do not be alarmed. He will recover his composure in a few hours probably. It is strange that this fit of fury should have so suddenly come upon him. I hope," he added, turning to Mr. Croland, "that he did not seriously alarm you."

"Only for a moment," said Mr. Croland, calmly, "but it was very singular. Did you say you knew nothing of his previous history?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Can you not gather some knowledge of it from the wanderings of his insanity?"

"Very little. His mind dwells wholly upon the dead, whose ghosts visit him, but he has never once given them a name. When questioned upon this subject, his invariable answer is, that they are only shadows. It is wonderful," continued the Superintendent, "what different interpretations people give to his remarks. Some deeming them the promptings of remorse, and others of peculiar sanctity."

It was natural that the sad scene we had witnessed in the Asylum should form the subject of our conversation in riding back to Linden Hall.

"For my part," said Kate, "I think those persons who fancy that poor lunatic has been very wicked, are uncharitable. He is evidently one who has been bereft of all his relations and friends by death, and fancies that the ghosts of those he once knew and loved come to visit him."

"I am rather inclined to view him as a religious enthusiast," said Allan. "One whose thoughts dwelt upon the unseen world and its mysteries until his brain was crazed."

"And I do not agree with either," said I. "I shall lay myself open to the charge of uncharitableness, Kate, for I think it is evident he has committed some desperate crime. Hence his dread of fiends, and his horror of the darkness which he thinks surrounds him everywhere."

"You are rather fanciful in your speculations, Miss M'Cloud," said Allan, smiling. "Mr. Croland, you say nothing. What think you of our lunatic?"

"That he is a lunatic, and that his conversation is the wanderings of insanity—nothing more."

This he said very carelessly, but I, who had witnessed his emotion, and heard his agonized exclamation, was convinced that Mr. Croland knew more of the lunatic than he chose to tell. Who can this strange man be, thought I, who is so full of mysteries. I began to be afraid of him. He could have no good motive, surely, for his singular conduct—and why should he interest himself in me? These reflections so completely occupied my mind that I joined no more in the conversation, and my companions, who also seemed very thoughtful, soon relapsed into silence; so the latter part of our ride was as quiet and mournful as the former had been gay and lively.

But I was not yet done with mysteries. I found a letter in my room with the New York post-mark. As I opened it a paper fluttered to the floor. It proved to be a bill for one hundred dollars. Accompanying it were these words: "From one who wishes to serve you, and is greatly your debtor."

I had no acquaintances in New York, and I wondered much who this beneficent friend could be. My brother Gerald? I scarcely thought it possible. I placed the bill in the secret drawer of my writing-desk, determining not to make use of it until I ascertained the donor. Verily, thought I, for one who is "alone in the world," I have many friends!

CHAPTER XII.

As I look back now at those school days I can distinctly recall the emotions of quiet, pensive happiness which then began sweetly to mingle with my life. A new happiness so exquisite and subtle I was scarcely conscious of it.

Days glided into weeks, and still Allan Meredith lingered in the city. Every day he visited Linden Hall after the regular school hours, and rides, and drives, and walks were planned by the indefatigable Kate. Professor Bland did not object to these excursions provided I accompanied Kate and Gertrude, and thus Allan and I were constantly thrown together.

I do not know whether Professor Bland foresaw the result of all this. Indeed I doubt whether he thought of the matter at all. I was not of sufficient importance to occupy his meditations.

But Miss Pinchem would often look at me and shake her head gravely. She said nothing, however, and paying but little heed to her looks, I gave myself up to *Love*.

Until then I had never known my own nature. When a child I had always been praised as a "good, quiet girl," and had many times been complimented upon being so "even tempered." If, by this phrase, they meant that I was of a calm, passionless nature, never was term more misapplied. The truth is, I was undemonstrative in manner. My natural reserve was doubtless strengthened by being separated in early childhood from all my relatives, and borne far away among strangers. In my new home I met with kind friends and many pleasant acquaintances, but none of them sympathized with me in my peculiar tastes, or at least I fancied they did not. Consequently I learned to live in two worlds at once. I loved my friends, I entered with avidity into the sports of my school-mates, I was fond of visiting, fond of gaiety. I believe I was popular, though I never received any title but that of a pleasant, thoughtful girl. But I had another life that was unrevealed. I could never speak to those about me of my thoughts and feelings. Never had I spoken unreservedly upon these subjects to any one but Allan. He had the power of drawing from me my inmost thoughts, unconsciously to myself, and more than this, I felt that, in some measure, he moulded them as he wished, and, strange to say, I loved to have it so.

My love for Allan was not such as the world—my little world—would have expected from the "good, quiet girl." It was an intense passion, strong and deep, such as no time or circumstances could ever change. His words and looks were treasured up in my memory as precious things never to be forgotten. A book he had praised, a painting he had admired, were thenceforth sacred. He occupied all my waking thoughts, and was the hero of my nightly dreams. The careless mention of his name by another made my heart thrill. I counted the hours and minutes in the day until the time for his visits, and yet, when I met him, it was with a serene countenance, and I listened to the deep tones of his voice in outward calmness, while my every pulse was bounding and leaping for joy.

I have been told that woman never loves except in return for affection already bestowed; indeed that it is highly indecorous for her to do so. It may be so; I know little about the philosophy of the mind or affections, but I know I loved Allan long before I felt a trembling, half-consciousness that my love was returned. I knew he was not perfect. I saw his faults, but I loved him in spite of them. Had he by any chance become less noble-hearted, I should have been the first to detect the change, but I should have loved him still. Had he committed a foul and horrible crime, I should have detested the act; I might have turned from him and seen him no more forever, but—I should have loved him still. I know not if it is in this manner woman always loves. I know it was my nature to love thus, and thus I loved.

One cold, blustering afternoon, early in March, I sat in the front parlor at Linden Hall. The girls were all occupied with their lessons, and I was alone. My embroidery lay in my lap untouched, my eyes were fixed upon the grate with its brightly-gleaming fire, while my mind was busy weaving thoughts as glowing as the coals, and as delicate and graceful as the tiny flames which curled among them. And, after a time, I gave vent to the burden of my reverie by gaily singing:

"Love knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
He comes unbidden everywhere,
Like thought's mysterious birth,
The moonlit sea, and the sunset sky,
Are written with Love's words,
And you hear his voice unceasingly,
Like song in the time of birds."

I stopped suddenly, for I heard a foot-fall upon the carpet, and well I knew whose step it was.

"I was not aware, Mr. Meredith," I said, rising, "that I had a listener."

"I am very glad," he replied, with one of his beaming smiles, "that I arrived in time to learn that you are a believer in the omnipresence of Love."

My eye fell beneath his searching look, and I felt the hot blood rush over my face and neck. Conscious that he noticed my embarrassment, I conquered myself with an effort, and said carelessly: "Oh, pray, Mr. Meredith, do not make me answerable for the opinions contained in every song I sing. Love is the burden of most of them, and I have no faith whatever in that."

He looked inquiringly at me, and then suddenly changing the subject, said:

"I shall be sorry to say good-bye to Linden Hall to-morrow."

"And do you, then, leave so soon?" I exclaimed, with a pang at my heart, which I expect was faithfully portrayed in my tell-tale countenance, for again his glowing smile broke upon me, as he said, gently:

"Do you think it soon? I have been here two months."

"But this is sudden, at least to me," I replied. "I had not heard you speak of leaving," and I endeavored to assume an indifference I did not feel.

"It is unexpected to me also," he replied. "I thought when I crossed the ocean the last time I had left Europe forever, but to-day I have received letters, which compel me to leave immediately for England."

I bent low over my embroidery to conceal my emotion, and a tear, which dropped upon a rose-bud, I brushed hastily away.

"How long will you remain in England?" I inquired.

"Several months probably."

"And will we see you at Linden Hall upon your return?" I ventured to ask.

He did not reply immediately, but I felt that his glance was searching into my very soul. I bent lower over the embroidery. At length he spoke in a low, earnest tone.

"Serena, it is for you to answer that question. Shall I return to Linden Hall? And remember that the destiny of *my* life at least hangs upon your reply. I have very much to say to you, but surely you have already read what is in my heart for you, and when you scoffed at love just now I would fain believe that they were idle words, and that you did not mean them."

There is a strange perversity in human nature—woman's nature I think I should say—which causes her to refuse the very thing she is most desirous to obtain. It often happens that the prize she has longed for, perhaps striven for, when held out to her she rejects with cold disdain. You may call this fickleness, deceit, caprice, or what you will, it is an impulse that sometimes stirs a woman's heart, and obliges her to act exactly contrary to her wishes. And thus it was with me. Allan Meredith stood before me in all his manliness and beauty. He was *mine*. I knew that one word, nay, one look of encouragement from me, would bring from him such words as no woman can listen to from the man she loves without a gush of such exquisite happiness as seems born of Heaven—and yet I gave no such word or look. I felt confident now of his love, and the very boon that a few minutes before I would have given worlds to obtain, by a strange infatuation I now flung from me. I believe I was bewildered and intoxicated with the great joy that had fallen upon me, and scarcely knew what I did, or else I was prompted by a foolish fear that he would think he had won me too easily. I cannot analyze the feelings which induced me to say what I did.

Looking up in a pert, saucy manner, utterly foreign to my nature, I said, "Indeed, I do believe it. Love! Pshaw! what is it? All utter nonsense, as Miss Pinchem would say." I saw a look of painful surprise in his face, but I went madly on. "Men talk of love, but they never feel it—indeed they seldom mean what they say. It is all a piece of deception, invented for the benefit of foolish girls."

What more I should have added to this silly speech I know not, for a sudden lightning flash shot from those dark eyes, where I thought only love and tenderness could ever dwell, and it silenced me.

He walked to the window. I sat motionless, and had Allan looked at me he would have seen in my face the wretchedness I felt. Why, oh, why did he take my foolish words so seriously? If I could only go to him and say, "Dear Allan, forgive me, I have erred, but I love you more than words can tell." Had I seen one sad or tender look in his face, I think I should have done this, but no expression could I read in those half-averted features but bitter scorn and insulted pride. I would have humbled myself to his sorrow, but never to his scorn. And so I calmly took up my embroidery, and with untrembling hand worked in the bright-colored silks.

Gertrude and Kate came in, and we all gathered around the fire, and talked for an hour, I believe, but I know not what was said. I know that neither Allan nor I said anything directly to each other. I longed for him to go, and yet when he arose to take his leave I felt that a weight had fallen on my heart. For an instant his hand touched mine—his lips uttered a cold and measured "good-bye," and he was gone.

I rushed up into my own room, and found Amelia and Madge there. I went down into the library, and there were three young ladies searching for reference books. Is there no place for me to flee to, I thought in despair. Yes, there was one, and I flew up one, two, three, four flights of stairs, and into the dark attic, and, throwing myself on the floor, I, the "calm, quiet girl," burst into passionate tears, and I spent hours of such agony as I had never dreamed of before. I felt that I had sealed my own doom, and separated myself forever from the man I loved with all the devotion of my nature. Forever! oh, no! he would surely forgive those few idle words I had spoken and return. And yet those words I had uttered without meaning I saw he had applied to himself, and thus I had wounded him where he was most sensitive. I had doubted his honor—his truth.

Yes, he was gone, never, never to return, and then I felt most bitterly how desolate my life would be without Allan.

But hope never entirely deserts the young; and, after my first paroxysms of agony and despair were over, a genile voice seemed to whisper to me that perchance in the journey of life our paths might meet again, and I grew calmer as I thought of that dim and uncertain future, and resolved to make myself worthy of Allan.

CHAPTER XIII.

The next morning I awoke with a headache, and a vague idea that some terrible calamity had befallen me. As the morning wore on, my depression of spirits increased, and I prescribed for myself my usual remedy for ailments, both mental and physical—a long walk. I decided on a visit to the Almshouse. Old Mrs. Landon had been received into this institution, and I felt bound by my promise to her grandchild to see that she was comfortable. I had a mile to walk in a cold northwesterly wind, which blew against my face as sharp as needle points, but it did me good, for I was compelled to summon some resolution to face it.

"Miss M'Cloud! Miss M'Cloud!" called out a sweet, clear voice. I turned and saw little Nelly Brown, one of our youngest day pupils. The wind had blown her flaxen curls in disorder over her glowing cheeks, and she was striving to push them back, as she ran panting towards me.

"Are you going up Linden street, Miss M'Cloud?"

"Yes, directly past your door, Nelly."

"And may I walk with you?" she said, looking timidly up in my face.

"I shall be glad of your company, my dear. Put your little hand in mine, and together we will defy this saucy wind, which has stolen all your breath."

"I have got it all back now," she said, smiling, as she gave me her hand; but in a moment her fair brow became clouded. It was easy to see that some thought troubled the innocent heart of the child.

"Well, Nelly," said I, "out with it. You have something to tell me, I see. Have you broken your dolly, or does your little baby-brother tease you very much?"

"Oh no, ma'am," said the child, "I have no such things to tell, but—"

"Something more important," I said, encouragingly.

"Yes, ma'am, but I don't know that it would be right to tell it."

"What is it about, Nelly? Perhaps I can help you to decide whether it is right."

"It is about Mr. Croland."

"Mr. Croland! What do you know of him?"

"He boards at mother's, and that is the thing, you see."

"No, I don't see at all," said I, laughing. "You deal in enigmas, Nelly."

"Why, I don't know that it is right to tell about him, when he lives at our house, and is so kind to us all; and he has given us a great many presents."

I respected the delicate feeling of the child, and scarcely knew how to address her. I could not help her in her troubles unless I knew the cause of them.

"Then it is something disagreeable you have to tell, Nelly," I said, after a pause.

"I believe it is, but I don't know," said the innocent child. "It puzzles me, but I think I will tell you," she added, firmly, "for it has something to do with you, and you will know what it means. I am afraid," she said, looking cautiously round, "that Mr. Croland is not a very good man. He likes to have me in his room, and sometimes he tells me pretty stories, and is very pleasant and funny. But I don't always like to sit there."

"I should think it would be the very place for a little girl that loves fun as much as you do."

"Yes, I know; but he is not always pleasant. He says such strange, wild things sometimes. I don't think he says them to me, he talks to himself. I suppose he don't mind me, being a little girl; but I hear every word, and I think about it a great deal, but I can't make much of it."

"But all this don't make him out a bad man, Nelly. Perhaps he is in affliction—people say and do strange things sometimes when they are in trouble."

"My mother has had oceans of trouble, she says," replied the child, with simplicity, "but she never talks so. Mr. Croland asks me to read the Bible to him sometimes, but he says he cannot endure the thought of reading it himself."

"Then he is better than many, my dear, for they never wish to hear it read."

I was sorry the moment after I had uttered this thoughtless speech, for the child looked at me in wonder. She was too much occupied, however, to notice the observation, and continued:

"Once, when I read to him about the torments of the wicked, he said he did not believe it—it was all a lie. A few minutes after, he told me he did not mean what he said, for every word I had read was true, and worse than I had read, for the torments of the wicked began in this life, and gave them no rest day or night, and then he groaned dreadfully. He saw that I was frightened, and, taking me on his knee, he told me some funny story about a little girl and three bears, and he talked like the bears. I laughed a little, but I was afraid of him."

"And does your mother know all this, Nelly?"

"No, ma'am. She has a great deal to worry her, and I thought I would tell you instead."

"But what you have told has nothing to do with me."

"But I am coming to that. Mr. Croland asks a great many questions about you, and finding how much it pleased him to hear about you, I told him how kind you were to me, and how you taught me in the Sunday School, and gave me my school-books. He said you had a kind, generous heart, like your mother, and then he groaned."

"Like my mother!"

"Yes; and when I asked him if he knew your mother, he insisted upon it he did not say *your* mother, but *his* mother. But he *did* say it," added the child, resolutely.

"You might not have heard him distinctly, my dear."

"Yes, Miss M'Cloud, but that is not all."

"What next, Nelly?"

"One evening, two or three weeks ago, I was sitting in his room, and he told me the story of Tom Thumb. That is a funny story. Did you ever read it?"

I nodded.

"I laughed at it so much," continued Nelly, "that he gave me paper and pencil, and told me to draw a picture of Tommy tied to the thistle. I was doing this, when Mr. Meredith came into the room. I don't think either of the gentlemen noticed me, and as they both stood near the door I could not go out, and they were both so angry, I was afraid to speak. I could not understand all they said, but it was about you. Mr. Croland had been saying some things about you somewhere. I don't think they could have been good things, for Mr. Meredith was *so* mad. Mr. Croland said he knew a great deal about you—more than he chose to tell; and then he told Mr. Meredith he need not ask you to become his wife, for that he should never marry you. They said a great deal more that I could not make out at all, but Mr. Meredith seemed better pleased, and even laughed when he went away. Mr. Croland went down to the door with him, and I took that chance to slip out of the room."

"I thank you, Nelly," I said, as she concluded, "for the motives which have prompted you to tell me all this. I know you have done it from kindness to me; but I do not think it was exactly right in me to allow you to tell me. You must never repeat it to any one else."

"I never will," she said, earnestly, "but I feel better since I have told you."

"And, Nelly, I advise you to go into Mr. Croland's room as seldom as possible."

"I will never go there again if I can help it," she said, as I parted from her at her mother's door.

I had plenty of food for reflection during the remainder of my walk, but from the confused account of the child, I could only gather that Mr. Croland took a great interest in me, but whether for good or evil, it was impossible to determine; neither could I guess at the motives which influenced him during his interview with Allan. That Allan attached but little importance to his communications was evident from his subsequent conduct, neither could he have regarded Mr. Croland as my enemy, or I felt that he would have warned me against him. Connecting the account I had just received with the scene I had witnessed in the Asylum, I could not avoid the reflection that Mr. Croland was not what he seemed. I felt a vague fear of him, and I resolved to leave the class in Elocution.

I arrived at this resolution and at Mrs. Burke's eating saloon at one and the same time. I knew that this establishment was famous for its good buns, and thinking a few of these would be acceptable to Mrs. Landon, I entered the shop. I was well known to the busy little proprietress, for I had frequently stopped there to order cakes to satisfy the delicate appetites of the young ladies at Linden Hall.

"Good morning, Miss M'Cloud," said little Mrs. Burke, as I entered. "What can I give you to-day? We have elegant cream-cakes, and maccaroons freshly baked. I know the young ladies at the Hall like my maccaroons—buns, oh, how unfortunate! I have none fresh, but some will be ready in a short time. Step up into the saloon and wait a few minutes. I am sure you must be tired after your long walk."

I did not feel fatigued, but, as it was Saturday morning, and I had plenty of time at my disposal, I followed Mrs. Burke's direction, and walked up stairs. I heard loud voices in the front saloon, and, passing it, I entered the back, which was empty. Here I sat for a time, absorbed in my own reflections; but after a while the loud talking and laughing in the adjoining room roused my attention, and gradually it became apparent to my bewildered senses that some of the voices were strangely familiar to my ears, and that they uttered names also very familiar. The folding doors between the rooms were not entirely closed, and approaching the aperture, I looked into the front saloon. What a sight met my astonished gaze! A table stood in the centre of the room, covered with a variety of tempting dishes, while sparkling wines foamed and glittered in the glasses.

Around the table were seated six persons, apparently in a high state of enjoyment. Grace Cavendish and Susie Ellet, two of our day scholars, were doing the honors, while on one side sat Arthur Cavendish, paying devoted attention to Amelia McPherson, and on the other was George Ellet, talking to no less a personage than my beautiful room-mate, Madge Greyson.

This latter personage looked uncommonly interesting, for the champagne, laughing and excitement combined had given to her face a deeper red than usual, while the scar on her temple and forehead had assumed a purple tint.

"Now, Madge, for your toast," said Susie Ellet.

"Success to all boarding-schools, and Linden Hall in particular."

The glasses were raised, and the toast drunk in profound silence. Madge set down her glass and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"What fine schemers we are, Amelia," she exclaimed. "Wouldn't Miss M'Cloud's saucer eyes look larger than usual if she could look at us now?"

"She thinks," replied Amelia, "that you are visiting your reverend cousin, and that I am at this moment dutifully listening to the sage advice of my maiden aunt."

"And to think that we have carried it on so long, and cheated the Professor and his learned faculty for such a length of time," said Madge, and she leaned back and indulged in another fit of laughter, as if cheating were the most amusing thing in the world.

"But are you not afraid of being detected?" said Grace Cavendish, rather nervously.

"I suppose it will come out some time," said Amelia, carelessly, "but Madge and I have very smooth tongues when we choose to make them so; and, besides, there are very cogent reasons why we should not be expelled. No fear of that."

"What reason?" inquired Grace.

"O, we are both fortunate enough to be only children, and of course all the hopes of our wealthy and influential friends are centred in us. You understand. Professor Bland has not lived all this time in the world for nothing."

"No fear of detection," said Madge. "Miss M'Cloud is such a poor, pitiful creature, and so unsuspicious, I could cheat the teeth out of her head and she would never know it. It is highly edifying to witness the dignified manner in which she lectures me. But I can do it exactly." And here Madge, rolling up her eyes and drawing down her face, proceeded to mimic me, to the infinite delight of her auditors. Then followed caricatures of Miss Pinchem and the Professor, after which I staid for no more, but passed down into the little shop, sick at heart, and wishing I were a scullion, a housemaid, nay even a grub-worm, rather than a teacher.

My first impulse was to walk into the room and let them know that I had witnessed this disgraceful scene; but reflecting that the appearance of the "poor, pitiful creature" in this reckless company might be more ridiculous than dignified, I changed my mind.

I had never been able to acquire any influence over Madge Greyson. Indeed no one seemed to have any. She had a quick, vigorous intellect, which had been well trained; she was ambitious to excel in scholarship, and was always ready and prompt in her answers. No one could avoid liking her as a scholar. But her *heart* had been totally neglected, and was now overgrown with such foul and rank weeds that they poisoned the very air around her, and, although Madge Wildfire's smart speeches and wild pranks were often the subject of laughter, she was not a favorite among her companions. There was a coarseness about her, apart from her deceit, that was anything but attractive. Of Amelia I knew comparatively nothing, except that she was as vain and proud as she was weak and ignorant. She evidently considered me as an inevitable nuisance, and showed her opinion of me by maintaining a cold and haughty silence while in my presence, which I felt not the slightest inclination to break.

CHAPTER XIV.

A few minutes' walk brought me to the Almshouse. I was conducted into a neat little room, where I found Mrs. Landon seated by the fireside, busily engaged in knitting. She was dressed precisely as when I saw her in Canton street, and did not look any more prepossessing, and yet, such is the influence of sympathy, that I no longer shrunk from her with any feeling of disgust; but, seating myself near her, I watched her shrivelled and trembling hand, as it slowly put the yarn over the needle.

"You have a very comfortable home here, Mrs. Landon," said I, at last.

"Yes, yes," she murmured, without lifting her eyes, "so they tell me. I know it is mighty comfortable, but I had rather be in my old room with Matty. Who would have thought the pretty young creature would have gone first and left the old woman to live on alone? I have seen them all go now—every one."

From this the old crone rambled on in broken, disjointed sentences, and seemed to be wandering over her past life, but as I wished to return to Linden Hall as speedily as possible, I cut her discourse short by laying the paper of buns on her lap, saying they were for her use.

She let the knitting drop from her hand, and peered at me from under her shaggy eyebrows.

"And who are you," she said, in shrill tones, "that take so much trouble for an old woman? Dear me! It is Miss Fanny. Why didn't I know you before? Bless your sweet face! It never brought anything but comfort to me. And the baby—how is the little dear? You must be tired with your long walk."

Remembering that she had taken me for this Miss Fanny once before, I thought I would see how long she would continue deceived, and replied that I had enjoyed the walk in the cold air.

"Ah! yes, Miss

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, January 23, 1861.

THE GREAT MISTAKE OF THE SOUTH.

One of the remarkable things connected with the secession movement in South Carolina, is that men of all parties and professions should think they are *perfectly right* in attempting to destroy the Constitution and seize the forts of the United States. Dr. Backman, of Charleston, one of the first naturalists in the country, if not in the world, and one of the most venerable and wise divines, offered prayers at the signing of the ordinance of secession. There are, probably, more ministers of religion in the South Carolina Convention than there ever were before in any political body in this country. All the gravest and most conservative men of the State, except Mr. Petrigru, of Charleston, and Mr. Perry, of Greenville, and perhaps Judge O'Neal, of Newbury, seem hearts and hands in this movement. They are as convinced that they have the right to secede as we at the North that it is our right and duty to hold the Union together.

We know, indeed, that there is a deep undercurrent of loyalty to the Union in the breasts of many, even in South Carolina, and still more in Georgia and the other Southern States; but to us in the Middle States, the difficulty has been so far to believe that this feeling of allegiance was dead in any breast. Yet so it is, and the secession feeling which has made South Carolina repudiate the Fourth of July, has made her sons more really and unequivocally think they have a right to repudiate the Union at pleasure. To a certain degree, this feeling is extended through the cotton States, infused there by the sons of South Carolina, and, as it is a *sincere* error, it ought to be met considerately. Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, coolly proposed, the other day, a resolution that, on demand of the authorities of any State, the forts of the United States should be given over into their charge and keeping, or, which is the same thing, that their forces should be withdrawn on security being given. Mr. Davis seems to consider the United States not a government, but a voluntary compact pro tem., entered into by the States during pleasure, they having a right at pleasure to resume the sovereign powers ceded to the General Government.

This will never be conceded by any party at the North, and is only believed by a small, though virulent section in the South. The only question is how to meet the issue most properly and easily, to prevent the leaven of secession at will from spreading without a civil war. In the first place, Mr. Davis does not say in his resolutions *what* Forts are thus to be given up. Does he mean that, if the people of South Carolina demand, they have a right to move the garrisons from *Augusta, Maine, to Augusta, Georgia*, and that the United States is bound by the spirit of the Constitution to allow them, or at least to withdraw the United States forces. Of course he does not mean this, but why does he not say so? Because no words could express what he does mean without making the absurdity of his proposition palpable. He asks the House to "resolve," that "upon application of a State" "asking that the Federal forces may be withdrawn, the President shall order the withdrawal of the Federal garrison," on security given for the stores, &c.; and that when a State enacts that the safety of the State requires that she should keep ships and troops, she should be at liberty to do so. Mr. Davis means, we presume, that each State is to have the *right* in regard to the forts *in her own midst*, or the territory that did once belong to her. But why does he not say so? Because that would at once let the cat out of the bag, by conceding that the sovereignty of the land where these forts stand has been deliberately conveyed to the United States, and therefore no more belongs to the individual States than any other forts in any other part of the United States or in Europe. If South Carolina and Georgia have a right to turn out the United States from one fort, because it is for their interest, they have a right to turn them out of every fort in the Union. These forts were not placed in the harbors of Charleston, Mobile, Pensacola and New Orleans, for the security of those States merely, but were placed there, by the whole people of the United States, for the security of the nation. If South Carolina, once in possession of the forts in her harbor, were to make alliances with a foreign enemy, she could open her ports to an invading army into the very heart of the country. It was to protect not only South Carolina and Louisiana from invasion, but it was also to protect the rest of the Union, that the forts were placed in Charleston harbor, and the Mississippi.

The sooner and the more completely this issue is met the better. Because the right to man those forts is the palpable evidence of a United States *Government*, extending its legitimate and constituted authority over the domain protected by those forts. This is why the brave and noble conduct of Major Anderson has received such warm approval of all parties and classes. To have surrendered those forts would have been to surrender the United States' right of government in South Carolina, if done voluntarily and knowingly. To hold any one of those forts in a quiet and silent *protest* against the right of secession, during the madness of the hour, and until reason and justice, and Union principles resume their sway over treason. This silent and quiet assertion of the right will aid, when the fever of this rebellion is spent, in bringing back the most contumacious. It will keep alive and strengthen in the breasts of the large masses of quiet, thinking men, all through the South, the feeling of allegiance, and the certainty of ultimate protection, and the restoration of all the Constitutional privileges of the Union.

THE EFFECT OF WAR.

Never was the face of the world being so altered by war as at this moment. We are apt to look back to the beginning of the century, when Napoleon was changing the face of Europe and the boundaries of Kingdoms, and by his splendid and rapid succession of victories keeping all Europe astir; but those victories were too rapid to be more than superficial, and before thirteen years had passed in the new century, his tide had turned, and in fifteen years all his work was undone. But at the present moment, whether we look at the extent of territory over which war is raging, or the solid and enduring character of the changes effected, no man can doubt that the historic importance of them will prove far greater. Europe, Asia, Africa and America are all of them the scenes at this moment of convulsions of the most important character.

In Russia, within a few days, twenty millions of serfs have acquired liberty. The Emperor of Russia has done this to strengthen his Empire by elevating the masses and depressing the nobles, whose power was dangerous by the conspiracies they were hatching. It is without exception the greatest experiment of modern times, one that must and will change the whole constitution and character of the Russian Empire most vitally. This is the result of the Crimean war. Lower down upon the map of Europe the wars in which Italy has been involved for a year or two beyond all that Napoleon or any living man conjectured, and against all human expectation, have destroyed irrevocably the absolute powers of Europe. Austria is broken to pieces. Even Hungary is set free in great measure, and Venetia will have to be given, and the government of Rome popularized; the fortresses of Gaeta, bombarded by Victor Emmanuel, a done remains the refuge, and soon, the tomb of tyranny in Europe.

In Asia more than half the human race is being entirely changed by war. India has witnessed the despairing and expiring struggles of Hindoo superstition against Christian civilization, and Nena Sahib might not inaptly be compared with Galerius, the son-in-law of Diocletian, or rather perhaps to Julian, the Apostate. At this very moment the most vital changes as to the collection of the revenue are being wrought, because the old heathen systems have so utterly exhausted the power of producing taxes sufficient to support the government. China is undergoing the most vital of revolutions, through a war with rebels at home, and a small but terrible force of English and French at Pekin. Forms of government older than the time of Abraham, are melting away like snowin a thaw from three hundred millions of the human race, under the fire of a few Armstrong guns. In North Africa, the French are subduing the Arabs, and on the West, Liberia, with scarcely a blow, is subduing that vast continent as certainly as the English and French colonies planted on these shores two hundred years ago have subdued North America.

In all of these cases it seems to matter little who begins the war, or under what circumstances it begins, or who seems at first to get the upper hand. No human hand seems able to stay its ravages, but it has to go on until that power which is essentially the weakest has some weak spot laid bare, some radically lacking element, like an old sore opened; nor does the war seem to stop until the weakness thus produced is seen and acknowledged, and in some way remedied.

In America, civil war threatens of such a character as the world has never seen. But, thank God, it has not yet begun. No blood at least has yet been shed, and we hope that the firm aspect of our Executive, coupled with the mildness of our principles of government, may yet avert the threatened catastrophe. There are elements of weakness, both in the character of the North and the South, which real war would develope and make short work with. And though our States, while one solid nation, like the bundle of rods, are too strong for any human power to break or shake, what might and would be the result were they divided! At this moment the South is strongest in arms for the first brush, equipped to the teeth, and ready for the fray. But she is comparatively without food and without money and without credit. The North has a bountiful harvest, unusual wealth, and boundless credit, but is indisposed to precipitate a fight. In the mean time it is by no means certain, if disunion is attempted, that France will not step in and seize Key West and Pensacola, as material guarantees that our quarrels shall not disturb the freedom of the Gulf.

THE DISUNION MOVEMENT.

There is no question as to the nature of this conspiracy to overthrow the Government of these United States. From Virginia to Florida the numerical majority in each State of those who speak at all, or at least so as to make their voices heard, would seem in favor of secession. Many are afraid to speak, who love the Union. In North Carolina it is as certain that they dread the haughty fire-eaters of South Carolina equally with the Yankees of the North, and it is only as a choice of evils that they could in any case be got to go with the South. Most of those who are for secession, are so because they fancy this will be the most peaceful course for them. Mr. Cobb and other seceders have impressed the South with the idea that the Government of the United States can and will dissolve without a blow, if the South is only united and immediate in action. Hence, they feel at liberty to adopt this as the course of peace.

Could all parties at the South distinctly have recognized that secession would have led to acts of treason and probably produce a civil war, with all its horror and guilt on those producing it, not one-half of those who have most hurried it on would have touched it. They would have opposed it instead, at the right moment. Many are waiting for such a moment to do so now. Still the moment of a reaction has not yet arrived. So far the tide is strongly sweeping all before it and coming up higher and nearer to us, in Virginia. The desire to shield the secession States from coercion by all going together seems to be at the bottom of this movement.

The question, however, still returns, what is the duty of the North, and especially of the middle States, if the Southern States suddenly demand to break off from the Union, or rather to break up the Union, and seize the Capitol and city of Washington, and all the public property of the nation south of Mason and Dixon's line? Such may be the attempt, with the alternative of sharp fight for the Capitol if it be rejected. There can be no question about the injustice of this demand. It is all treason to begin with. If it were not, the parties breaking up the contract and claiming the right to secede because they are the minority, ought to resign all pretension to Washington.

There is, however, a very just aversion on the part of the North to the commencement of a civil war. There has been no comparative waking up to the contemplation even of such a calamity. The South, all agree, are terribly in earnest and bent on fighting. They are armed to the teeth with the most deadly weapons, and these two things give them, though the minority, a likelihood of success at the first brush that may produce one of the most deadly of all kinds of wars if once begun. Many have, therefore, thought that we had better agree to part in peace like Abraham and Lot, while part thus we may. But it has never yet been shown how this is possible, or if possible how peace is to continue. If we cannot agree now, with a Constitution and the United States Courts to decide and dictate justice between the States, how shall we be more likely without these advantages? The great question of strife, the fugitive slave law, would be at once a bone of contention of the most serious character. The North, if this Constitution be once set aside, would never again make any such provision. But the South are now breaking the Union to pieces if they can, for no other purpose than to secure more stringent measures for the giving up of fugitives. In fact, the great conspiracy is not merely to destroy the present government, but to reconstruct another upon its ruins, of a more concentrated and militarily despotic character. When this scheme is developed, the North will probably unite to put it down after a desperate war. But now as a legitimate government the North and the West will unite with them the support of every true American heart in supporting the Constitution at every expense, and preserving the noble legacy bequeathed us by our fathers.

THE CONTESTED ELECTION CASE OF BUTLER AND LEHMAN.

The very voluminous testimony being now closed in this case, it may be interesting to the public to know precisely how the case stands. Except certain documentary evidence put in by both sides, the investigation was chiefly confined to the opening of the ballot boxes of some of the precincts. All the ballot boxes were not counted, there being great doubts and difficulty in identifying the few that were opened.

Mr. Lehman started with a majority of 132. By the recount of the following boxes, Mr. Butler has reduced this majority as follows: In the Eighth Division of the Seventh Ward, 20 votes; in the Eighth Division of the First Ward, 1; in the Eighth Division of the Fourth Ward, 9; in the Sixth Division of the Fourth Ward, 8. And supposing the Ninth Division of the Seventh Ward to have been counted for the Seventh, a further reduction of 16, making in all, 54; thus reducing Mr. Lehman's majority to 78.

In addition to this, a box, alleged to be that of the Seventh Division of the Fourth Ward, was counted, which showed a variance between the division returns as filed, of 21 votes in favor of Mr. Butler, but the officers who conducted the election all swore to the correctness of the original return, and that the fairness of *their* count was verified by three Republican watchers, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas. A box was also produced from the office of Alderman Carter, alleged to be the ballot box of the Second Division of the Third Ward, in which the count varied from the division return, 70 votes in favor of Mr. Butler; but the officers of the election unanimously swore that the division return as filed was correct, and that the votes recounted were not as they were at the close of the election, when they sealed up the box. Another box was produced from the office of the same Alderman, purporting to be the box used in the Second Division of the Second Ward, which, on being counted, varied from the division return 35 votes, but the officers, a majority of whom were Republicans, swore that the original return was correct, and that the votes were different from what they sealed up at the close of the election.

This is, in brief, the state of the case. Questions of fact are involved which will be decided by a Committee of Congress, chosen for this purpose, upon the testimony as taken before Recorder Eneu, which will be transmitted in a few days to the Clerk of the House of Representatives at Washington. Thus the only perceived, the controversy is narrowed down to a single issue. If the officers of the election are believed, Mr. Lehman is elected by seventy-eight majority, but if their testimony is disregarded and the recount is taken as decisive, then Mr. Butler would have a majority of forty-eight. This investigation has proved that a loose and dangerous practice prevails in respect to the ballot boxes. By law they are required to be deposited with the nearest Alderman, but they are left with the Alderman without any mark whatever upon them to show to which division they belong, and as all the boxes are alike in size and appearance, when produced again it becomes almost impossible to identify them. The Legislature should at once apply a remedy to this serious evil.

BOARD OF SCHOOL CONTROLLERS.

A bill has been introduced in to the Legislature of this State to abolish the Board of School Controllers. The Board of School Controllers, as now constituted, is a useless and expensive piece of machinery. It was originally intended to be a check upon the Sectional Boards, to provide a fair estimate of expenditures, to supervise the bills, and to maintain uniformity of system throughout the school sections. It has now become a piece of political and managing machinery, in which a few dexterous individuals use the others to accomplish objects which have not always the public interest for their aim. Its chief object seems to be to vote the furnishing of supplies into the hands of some favored individual and to further the interest of book publishers.

Three properly qualified persons, appointed by some competent and respectable authority—these three persons to be salaried officers, so as to devote all their time to the task—would perform the duties better and more economically than the present Board of twenty-four members, changed for the greater part nearly every year.

The only supervision exercised over expenses now is really by Councils. That the Controllers exercise none is seen in the great disparity between the estimates presented by them and what Councils grant. Councils, comparing one year with another, are just as capable of performing this duty as the Controllers are, and more likely to perform it well, for they are immediately responsible to the people for the increase of taxes.

In regard to the purchase of supplies for the schools, including fuel, books, &c., a board of three competent and conscientious persons, holding their situations for five or six years, would discharge the duty more economically and better for the interests of the schools than the Controllers. These persons would be in office long enough to learn what the public schools required. By comparing the school accommodations with the population and the number of children in the various localities, they would soon be able to provide the number and kind of schools needed in each locality. Now each section, through its Board of Directors, endeavors to get as many schools established as it can, for every new school increases the patronage of the Directors, and gives them the opportunity to elect their own relatives as teachers. There is a wanton waste of money here which should be looked after.

The superintending Board being also intelligent, educated men, would see that the books used were best adapted to the instruction of the pupils, without regard to the importunities of book publishers. Being paid for their services, they would not think it an onerous duty to visit the schools when alterations of the buildings or in its furniture are proposed, and see that the schools actually needed the alterations, and that they were not proposed simply to give some favorite mechanic a job. They would also adopt some uniform and consistent method of examination of teachers (to prove their qualifications to take charge of a school,) and give a certificate of qualification, which only should entitle a candidate to election. There is no duty, in fact, connected with the real interests of the public schools that we would not sooner entrust to a Board of this kind than we would to the present Board of School Controllers, or any body similarly constituted.

HOW TO COMPROMISE.

The great point of difficulty at the present moment is to find a fair, equal and honorable compromise in regard to the fugitive slave question, that shall command the assent of both the free and slave States. One has been suggested, the principle of which seems both fair, and on that account likely to be acquiesced in by all parties. It is to make the laws by act of Congress equally severe, and the protection equally stringent against kidnapping free negroes from the free States on the one hand, and runnig off slaves from the Southern States on the other.

The history of this whole question shows, especially so far as this State is concerned, that these two questions act and react upon each other, in legislation, against conciliation. Some act of kidnapping occurs, and our legislature, in its zeal to prevent this, passes a law which operates practically as an impediment to the rendition of fugitives from other States.

Of course, the first object of each State is to protect itself from injury, and in doing this it often is not at all so careful as it ought to be to avoid injuring the Constitutional rights of a neighboring State. The great design of the Constitution is to make laws for equal justice between State and State, and the protection of each fully in all its constitutional rights from incursions and from the injurious effects which might arise from the propinquity of other States with different laws.

For many years a system of retaliatory legislation has been in progress. Possibly it may have begun in the old quarrel between South Carolina and Massachusetts, in regard to the imprisonment of free colored sailors and the expulsion of Mr. Hoar. But it has been going on for years, each free State mindful to protect itself from kidnapping, and each slave State careful only to prevent the stealing and harboring of fugitives to secure their recapture. From all this body of legislation a code of laws might, we think, easily be digested by Congress, on this principle of obvious fairness and constitutional equity. All laws for the recapture of fugitive slaves shall have corresponding clauses for the recapture of free colored people alleged to have been kidnapped, and all modes of redress applicable in one case shall, as much as possible, be granted in the other.

It may not be in morals the same thing to conceal a man with his own consent to secure his liberty, as it is by force and fraud to carry him off to reduce him to slavery, but so far as, by force and fraud, a master is deprived by our citizens, after identification of his legal title, to the services of the fugitive he is entitled by every principle of the Constitution, to demand from each and every one assisting a *plenary* recompense for all the injury he receives. All persons enticing a slave away from his master do as really and obviously break the laws of that State, and ought to be given up for punishment on demand and reasonable proof, as we would claim the persons kidnapping free colored persons ought, upon reasonable proof, to be given up to be punished by our laws.

At the present moment, the *practical* working of the laws on both sides are not of so much importance as the *point of justice and equal rights*. Probably a thousand runaways may have reached Canada within the last ten years, and perhaps as many persons entitled to freedom may have been kidnapped. Happy the land where greater injustice than this is not done to a population so large as the whole South, and indeed the whole colored population. But one such incursion as that of John Brown is an act of hostility against the State, and indeed against all government, and demands to be punished in the most condign manner. Our own State, that so promptly did all a State could to aid in the capture of Brown's men, would gladly make any fair and equitable arrangement for the prevention and punishment of all offences in each State against the sovereign rights of other States. But it must, and will see that its own sovereignty is not infringed. Surely Congress could strike out some equitable system, all interference could be equally punished on either side.

FEUDAL NOBILITY.

The hold which old customs and ancient etiquettes still have on the English mind is aptly illustrated by two circumstances that have recently occasioned much comment at the Court of St. James. We Americans, are inclined to imagine that, because the ceremonies and distinctions of a feudal nobility have no existence here, they are of no importance elsewhere; yet we read in the latest London journals of the formal investiture of the Duke of Newcastle with the order of the garter, as a reward for his services to the crown, during the visit of the Prince of Wales to America. Not one of the rankest republicans will deny the consummate sagacity and the skilful policy of late displayed, on every occasion, by that nobleman. Not one of the roughest and readiest democrats but admits the cleverness and manliness of the Duke of Newcastle; yet the accounts are minute in describing his ducal and knightly robes, his kissing hands, his being led into the hall and out of the hall, his kneeling to the queen to be knighted, his kneeling again while she buckled the garter; and all the other details and punctilio of the ceremony. The same journals which relate these pomps tell of a singular question of etiquette at the English Court. The Duke of Norfolk, who has just died, left a son only eleven years of age. The Duke was Earl Marshal of England, a position hereditary in his family; so his son inherits this rank along with his dukedom. But attached to the Marshalship are certain duties that can only be performed by an adult; and a Deputy Marshal must be appointed during the minority of the young Duke. The question now arises, whether any but a peer can be appointed to the place. The brother of the late Duke is, in character and by his attainments, an eminently suitable person for the post, is familiar with courts, has twice been Vice Chamberlain to the Queen, and by his appointment of the dignity could still remain in the Howard family, of which the Duke of Norfolk is head; and this is, in English eyes, of immense consequence. But Lord Edward Howard is not a peer; he is indeed a lord only by courtesy, and can any but a peer be Earl Marshal of England? This is the momentous question which agitates the court circles, and is even discussed in the Cabinet of the English Queen, while Italy is convulsed, and the capital of China stormed. It is well for us who are unused to such discussions, and who are ignorant of such affairs, to know that the rest of he world, and a portion of it, to say the least, as cultured and refined and as enlightened as the very best of Americans, can take so profound an interest in matters here held unworthy the attention of grown men and statesmen. It will teach us that all the world does not agree with our modes of thinking and doing; it will remind us that there are more ways than one of regarding subjects which we might otherwise suppose long since decided.

RAREY AT NEW YORK.

The character of the audience that attended the first exhibition of the great horse tamer on Saturday last was very remarkable, eminently representative, eminently mixed, eminently metropolitan. There were great historians who evidently thought the event they were contemplating as worthy of study as the deeds of Hercules, the great tamer of old; there were women of the highest fashion, looking at the spectacle as curiously as from the same seats they had often gazed on the performances of the opera or the ballet; there were ministers of religion, wondering whether the subduing of evil passions in the human soul would ever be as quickly and thoroughly accomplished as it seemed to be in the equine subjects of great Rarey's art; there were journalists, hunting stray topics for a paragraph; there were fast young men experiencing an excitement new, and keener for the nonce than that of wine cup or the gaming table; there were *peres de famille* and gamblers, horse jockies and literary men, theatrical people envious of Rarey's success, politicians forgetful for an hour of the struggles on a larger stage; children in arms brought to the show, and squalling so as to interfere with their neighbors' appreciation of the lecture; stupid folk gaping in stupid wonder, clever folk quite as much amazed at the wonderful power that the human mind or magnetism exerted over brute force; altogether a motley crowd.

BAD CONSEQUENCES FROM A NAME.—Half the people in the Southern States believed that the Vice President elect is a mulatto, because his father was named Africa Hamlin, and this intensifies their hatred to the Republican party. The grandsire of the Vice President elect seemed to have a liking for geographical names, and he christened four of his sons respectively by the names of Europe, Asia, Africa and America. It very properly fell to the lot of Africa to produce this modern Hannibal, but that no more establishes the fact that he is a mulatto, than that the Carthagenian Hannibal was a blackamoor, because he also was an African. Old Eleazor Hamlin did not imagine for a moment that his desire to unite the four quarters of the globe in his family would one day be one of the causes likely to sever the greatest republic on the face of the earth.

LOLA MONTEZ died and was buried in New York on Thursday last. She bore the title in Bavaria of the Countess of Landsfelt, conferred on her by the King of Bavaria, but was driven from that country in a popular revolution. Since then she has been residing frequently in this country. Rev. Dr. Hawks often visited her, by request, and officiated at her funeral.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE PROCEEDINGS.

On *Tuesday* a resolution was presented by Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, changing the name of the steamboat John C. Fremont, of Pittsburg, to Horizon. Mr. Crittenden's compromise resolutions were taken up, and Mr. Clark, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment striking out the preamble and first resolution, and inserting a declaration that the provisions of the Constitution are ample for the preservation of the Union. Mr. Green, of Missouri, made a speech advocating the right of secession. The resolutions were postponed and the Pacific Railroad bill was taken up, the Senate refusing, by a vote of 19 to 26, to postpone the latter indefinitely. The question was decided at length. Repeated efforts were made to arrest the progress of this bill, to take up the Crittenden compromise. An amendment offered to the bill by Mr. Bragg, of North Carolina, requiring congressional endorsement of the acts of incorporation, was adopted by yeas 31, nays 15. Various other amendments were offered, but the Senate adjourned without taking a vote on them.

On *Wednesday*, a message was received from the President, setting forth the legal reasons for the appointment of Hon. Joseph Holt to the position of Secretary of War. Mr. Rice, of Minnesota, introduced a resolution to appoint a special committee with instructions to inquire into the expediency of passing a general act to include all the existing territory north of 27 degrees of latitude within the States of Minnesota, California and Oregon, except Kansas and Utah; to admit New Mexico as a State, including in it all east of the 114th meridian of longitude; to admit Kansas as a State with all east of the 140th meridian of longitude, and all Nebraska south of the 43d parallel of latitude. Mr. Crittenden's compromise was taken up, but after a speech by Mr. Latham, the Kansas bill coming up as the special order, the chair decided that the Pacific Railroad bill took precedence of it, as unfinished business. The Senate, however, on motion of Mr. Bigler, postponed all other business, and took up Mr. Crittenden's compromise, by ayes 27, nays 26. On Mr. Powell's amendment, extending the operation of the compromise to territory hereafter to be acquired, the ayes were 29, nays 21. The general subject was discussed by Messrs. Simmons and Anthony. A motion to postpone, in order to fix a day for the Kansas bill, was rejected. Mr. Clark's substitute, declaring the present Constitution ample for the protection of all interests, and that it needs to be enforced rather than amended, was carried by ayes 25, noes 23. The subject was then laid on the table. The Kansas bill was made the special order for Friday at one o'clock. An executive session of twenty minutes was then held, after which Mr. Cameron moved a reconsideration of the vote laying the Crittenden compromise on the table, pending which the Senate adjourned.

On *Thursday*, Mr. Hunter called up the Deficiency bill, which was passed, after being amended in various particulars. The item for the support of the captured Africans was reduced from $900,000 to $450,000. An item was audited for the payment of $300,000 for the establishment of a coaling station for the Navy at Chiriqui. Provision was made for a Bureau of Public Printing. An amendment, offered by Mr. Gwin, of California, providing for the payment of $350,000 to Commodore Vanderbilt for carrying the California mails, was amended, on motion of Mr. Latham, by striking out Mr. Vanderbilt's name, and agreed to. After the Deficiency bill was disposed of, the Senate took up the Pacific Railroad bill. Various amendments were proposed and voted upon, and several Senators expressed their views for and against the measure. The proceedings were finally interrupted by a motion to go into Executive session, which prevailed, and the Senate soon afterwards adjourned.

On *Friday*, during the early part of the session, after the introduction of various memorials asking for the passage of the Crittenden resolutions, the Senate was engaged in the consideration of private bills. These resolutions were then again brought before the Senate, and action upon them was postponed until Monday. The Pacific Railroad bill was made the special order for Tuesday. Mr. Green, of Missouri, introduced a joint resolution recommending that the several States take immediate steps, by Convention or otherwise, to make propositions for a compromise of the existing difficulties. It was ordered to a second reading. The bill to authorize a loan, to fix the duty on imports and relative to the outstanding Treasury notes, was made the special order for Wednesday. The Kansas bill then came up as the special order, and the debate on it continued until 2 o'clock, when the Senate went into Executive session to pass upon the nomination of Mr. Holt as Secretary of War. No more business was done in open session.

On *Saturday*, a number of petitions, memorials, &c., were presented, and the Red River Raft Bill was made the special order for Thursday at 1 o'clock. A resolution was adopted, requesting the President to furnish the Senate a copy of all correspondence between the Department of State and any minister of foreign Powers, in relation to foreign vessels at the port of Charleston. A bill for the reorganization of the West Point Military Academy was ordered to be printed. A joint resolution in relation to the suspension of certain United States laws in the seceding States passed second reading, and was ordered to be printed. The Kansas bill was taken up and several amendments offered and rejected. The Senate adjourned about five o'clock.

HOUSE PROCEEDINGS.

On *Tuesday*, the Army Appropriation bill was taken up in committee. Mr. Reagan, of Texas, made a speech, denouncing the Republicans for not making some effort to compromise the present difficulties. He was replied to by Mr. Stanton, of Ohio. In the course of Mr. Stanton's remarks, he said that the forts in Georgia were seized without authority. Messrs. Crawford, Love and Hardeman, of Georgia, said that they were seized by order of the State for her own defence. Mr. Hill, of Georgia, said that the act was done by bands of soldiery without authority. Mr. Stanton having expressed his willingness to remove the territorial agitation by admiting New Mexico as a State, in accordance with the recommendation of the Crisis Committee, Mr. Rust, of Arkansas, denied that the committee had ever agreed to such a report, and that the whole report had been negatived by a direct vote. Mr. Adrain, of New Jersey, and Mr. Anderson, of Missouri, further discussed the question.

On *Wednesday*, Mr. Cox presented resolutions passed by the Legislature of Ohio against the right of secession, in favor of the enforcement of the laws, and against one State intermeddling with the laws of another. After some discussion as to what Ohio will do about fugitive slaves, etc., the resolutions were laid on the table, and ordered to be printed. The Army Appropriation bill was taken up in committee, and crisis speeches were made by Garnett, of Virginia, Gurley, of Ohio, Maynard, of Tennessee, Holman, of Indiana, and Morris, of Illinois.

On *Thursday*, the Senate joint resolution allowing Commodore Paulding to accept rewards from Nicaragua was reported from the Navy Committee, but objection was made to its consideration, and it was laid over. Mr. Clemens, of Virginia, presented a memorial signed by 28,000 persons in his Congressional District, asking for an adjustment of the Slavery question in the Union. The House, in Committee of the Whole on the Army bill, then continued the general discussion of the condition of the country, the speakers being Messrs. Thomas, of Tennessee, Sickles, of New York, Ashley, of Ohio, and Perry, of Maine.

On *Friday*, Mr. Moore, of Kentucky, rose to a personal explanation in regard to his vote upon Mr. Adrain's resolution endorsing Major Anderson's conduct. After some time had been passed in the consideration of private bills, the House went into Committee of the Whole upon the Army Appropriation bill, which was discussed at length. After the committee rose, the bill passed and the House adjourned.

On *Saturday*, the Army Appropriation bill and the bill providing for the payment of the California war debt were passed. Petitions urging the adoption of the Crittenden compromise were presented by Messrs. Florence, Harris, Clemens and Holman. After considering a number of private bills, the House adjourned.

[From the Evansville (Ky.) Journal, 8th.]

A KENTUCKY TRAGEDY.

Last night about midnight, a tragedy was enacted in this city that probably was never equalled for deadly effects, ferocity and unnatural hate. We have time only for a hasty account of it.

A fierce feud had long existed between two brothers named John Paul Evans and Robert M Evans, members of an old and well-known family of this city. Their grandfather laid out the town of Evansville. They have made several attempts heretofore on each other's lives.

Robert went to a ball at Mozart Hall yesterday evening, with a lady. Over a hundred people were there. About midnight Paul came in intoxicated. He walked up to his brother and asked him to drink. His brother refused, whereupon Paul drew a knife, seeing which, Robert drew a six-shooter. Paul stepped back and drew a six-shooter. Robert drew a knife and put it between his teeth and commenced firing. Paul returned the fire and each fired six shots, and then closed and used their knives. They were mortally wounded.

Paul started for the front door and wentout; was followed and brought back and died in twenty minutes. He was shot in the upper part of the breast and cut several times in the abdomen.

Robert, when Paul left the room, followed him as far as the inside door, where he fell, struck the wall and skinned his face. He was carried to a temporary couch, and lay insensible nesrly three hours, when he also died. He was shot through the left lobe of the brain and in the right side, beneath the ribs. They both seemed to die of inward bleeding.

During the encounter, a younger brother, Berry, shot three balls at Paul, one of which it is said hit him. Solomon Gumburts, a son of Simon Gumburts, a bystander, was accidentally shot by one of the random balls in the right thigh, the bullet narrowly missing the femoral artery. His condition is serious.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

By the steamship Bremen at New York, from Southampton on the 1st inst., we received two days later European intelligence. In compliance with the remonstrances of France and Englaad, Count Teleki, recently arrested, has been released by the Emperor of Austria. Advices from Gaeta state that the bombardment continues day and night, and is conducted with such fury that the shells reach remote parts of the city. Some of the inhabitants had been killed. The French fleet has not yet left, though rumors to the contrary effect have been circulated. On the 1st inst. the Bank of England raised its rate of discount from 5 to 6 per cent. It is supposed that a renewal of pressure at Paris is again taxing the resources of the Bank and has occasioned the movement.

The steamship Edinburgh, from Liverpool on the 2d, and Queenstown on the 3d, and the steamship Canadian, with telegraphic advices from Liverpool to the 4th inst., arrived on Thursday—the former at New York and the latter at Portland. Their news has been almost entirely anticipated by the Teutonia, which arrived off Cape Race on the 16th inst., bringing advices to the 7th. The Edinburgh's mails are no later than those by the Bremen. The Edinburgh brings £106,000 in specie, and the Canadian £13,000. The ship Guttenburg, from New York for Hamburg, with cotton and passengers, had been lost on the Goodwin Sands, and only seven out of thirty persons on board escaped. The captain is among the missing. The Bank of France had raised the rate of discount from 4½ to 5½ per cent., causing a further depression on the Bourse. Discounts could be had, however, at 5 per cent. Reinforcements of French troops had been sent to Syria. Poerio had been elected President of the electoral Committee at Naples. Naples and the Provinces were tranquil. It is confirmed that the published version of the Pope's recent allocution is a forgery. The real document is mild and inoffensive. The railway market continued firm. The Prince Regent of Prussia has assumed the reins of Government as King William the Fifth. A Berlin letter says the excitement in all the States of the German Confederation much resembles the agitation of 1848.

The *Asia*, at New York on Saturday, brings Liverpool dates to the 6th inst., and £338,000, equal to about $1,700,000. The latest sales of American stocks were, Erie Railroad 35 a 35¾; New York Central 76 a 80; Illinois Central 27¾ a 28 discount. Consols closed at 92¼ a 92¾ for account. The market for cotton and breadstuffs closed steady, and provisions were dull. The financial and commercial intelligence by the *Asia* has been partially anticipated. The sudden advance of the bank rate had prepared us for greater stringency in London than is reported by the present advices. It appears that the heavy payments of the fourth of January were met without adding to the pressure.

BRITISH POLICY IN MEXICO.

Some of the Southern secession journals appear to be somewhat nervous respecting the policy of Great Britain towards Mexico, founded upon a rumor that she was about to concentrate in Vera Cruz a naval force. The policy of foreign nations in the Gulf is likely to interfere somewhat with the designs of the "Southern Confederacy." If Great Britain intervenes in the affairs of Mexico, there is an end of filibustering purposes in that quarter. The seceding States cannot call upon the United States to enforce the Monroe doctrine. The purpose of South Carolina being to establish a "Government on a military basis, largely restrictive of popular suffrage," which means either a military despotism or an empire like Louis Napoleon's, eventually running into hereditary monarchy, the Monroe principle will be found applicable to the "Southern Confederacy," for that will be the earliest attempt to overthrow the Democratic institutions of the United States, and plant the policy of Europe upon these Shores. That such a design is at the bottom of the secession movement seems very probable, not only from the hints already gone out, but from the natural operation of social and political causes. In South Carolina, the few have hitherto had all political power centred in them. The immigration of free laborers, with votes in their hands, would take that power from the few. Hence they cannot encourage this immigration, and their State does not progress as rapidly as the free States of the North. Establish a Government which "largely restricts suffrage," or, in other words, which cuts off all who do not own property from any share in the Government, and then the present oligarchy need not fear immigration. They will be benefitted by it, and still retain their predominating political influence. This is why the experiment of free government is pronounced a failure, and the ambitious leaders of secession are striving to break it up. Possibly, in the reconstruction they may present their improved plan of government on a "military basis, with largely restrictive suffrage," as one of the conditions necessary to a re-union. This programme is seriously obstructed in its operation by the obstinacy of the border slave States in still regarding the Union as advantageous to them.

THE CRISIS.

The National Intelligencer, in a very considerate and patriotic view of our present troubles, sees many potnis of common agreement among the expedients for compromise on which the various parties might eventually harmonize for the peace of the country, and does not despair of their doing so. It makes an appeal to the Republican party in Congress, to endeavor to secure power by pacification, and not by the sword. It says:

"Let it be conceded, if you please, that the revolutionists who control the Gulf States can be conciliated by no terms. Let it be conceded that the unlawful seizure of the public property in these States is nothing short of war against the United States. Utterly indefensible as these proceedings are, and hard as it may be for a dominant party, under such untoward auspices, to practice forbearance and concession, is there not something due to the loyal men who in the border slaveholding States equally join in condemning the arrogance of South Carolina and the violence done by her and her seceding confederates to the property and flag of the United States? And when, as is well known, there are many points of agreement among the supporters of the different plans of settlement, it is obvious to all that Congress should devote its strenuous and unremitting efforts to the enunciation and adoption of such substantive propositions as may command a general assent, instead of the waste of the precious hours of this critical juncture in angry debate or in the passage of declaratory resolutions, which, however true, can bring no healing to the country. In the terms of the plan proposed by Mr. Crittenden, or Mr. Rice, or Mr. Corwin, there are surely the materials out of which a compromise constructed a basis of adjustment that shall save the country from the total ruin with which it is menaced. Let not Northern apathy strike hands with Southern violence in precipitating the overthrow of the Republic, but let the patriotic of all sections join heart and hand in constant and earnest efforts to stay the progress of the feud which is plaguing the whole land, groaning under present evils made only more portentous by the omens of still direr calamities, held in store for states divided, discordant and belligerent."

These appeals, however patriotic and wise, do not find that response in Congress which all the substantial interests of the country and the wishes of a great majority of the people demand.

REPORTED BLOCKADE.

The report that the Mississippi authorities had placed a battery at Vicksburg, for the purpose of stopping the steamboats on that river, is producing much excitement in the West and Northwest, and it is not unlikely that the hostilities threatened with a commencement in Charleston harbor may be transferred to the Mississippi. The Western and Northwestern States will never permit the Mississippi to be obstructed, and any attempt to do so will rouse them at once to resistance. Every step in this secession business has been a bold and lawless outrage upon the rights of the other States, which must eventually bring on collision, however disposed the majority in the nation may be for peace. Congress had better, in time, do some act which will be a basis for peace, and arrest these usurpations. Though the Administration acts with great forbearance and prudence, not to precipitate a war, yet the passions of the people once aroused, it will be difficult to prevent a conflict when they come so closely in contact as on the Mississippi, and have causes so exasperating to stimulate them to action. The rumor which says the river is blockaded requires, however, confirmation. Mississippi would scarcely do anything so foolish, when the State is so exposed on her western boundary to invasion and attack from the States above her.

THE ARMS TRAFFIC STOPPED.—The Southern secessionists have for some time been receiving supplies of arms from Northern factories. The charge of Judge Smalley, of New York, in relation to treason, has however, awakened public attention to the subject, and the shipping of arms South is likely to be suspended. An establishment at Troy, N. Y., sent some boxes of arms intended for South Carolina, for transportation on the Hudson River Railroad, but the agent refused to forward or receive them, acting no doubt

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, January 23, 1861.

TERMS:

ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR TO SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS.

Club of Six for	$5 00
Club of Thirteen,	10 00
Club of Twenty, and one to getter up of Club,	15 00
Club of One Hundred,	75 00

PAYMENTS INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Postage on the Dollar Newspaper.

To any Post-office in Pennsylvania, 13 cents per year.

To any Post-office out of Pennsylvania, 26 cents per year.

To any Post-office in any of the British Provinces, 26 cents per year, payable at this office at the time of subscription.

To any Post-office out of the United States, other than the British Provinces, the postage is two cents per number of the paper, or one dollar and four cents per year, payable at this office at the time of subscribing.

Advertisements

Of four lines or less, will be inserted in the Dollar Newspaper once for one dollar, and twenty-five cents per line for each additional line; and twenty-five cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"THE SEA," by E. S B., we will try to make room for soon.

WEIGHING OF CATTLE.

A bill has been presented in the Legislature of this State for the inspection and weighing of cattle. This bill has evidently been introduced for the purpose of giving a good fat office to some anxious expectant, without regard to the interests of the public, whom it purposes to tax largely for the support of the office. The inspector is required to provide a depot on the west of the Schuylkill, where his scales are to be kept. Every owner of an animal, butcher, farmer or otherwise, who desires to offer it for sale in the market, will be obliged to travel from all parts of the city to West Philadelphia before he can do so, and for the privilege of being put to this inconvenience he is to pay the inspector two cents per hundred pounds. The public, of course, will be charged the cost of inspection in the sale of the meat, and the people of the city will be taxed about $50,000 in its consumption of meat to benefit the inspector. But the wrong is not only the inconvenience and cost to our citizens, but the requirement of a tax on all cattle offered for sale in this market necessarily narrows the market itself, and gives our citizens less choice than they would otherwise have. Now all cattle, hogs, &c., come to this market from all parts of the country, and if a market is found here they go no further, but if the owners are to be taxed for offering them for sale here, they will avoid this market and go directly to New York or wherever else the chief market is to be found. Our members in the Legislature should see that the bill is at once killed. All such propositions are restrictions upon trade, and all restrictions upon trade are injurious to the interests of the consumers.

THE CRIME OF TREASON.

Judge Smalley, of the U. S. Circuit Court in New York, last week, delivered a charge in reference to the crime of treason, as connected with present events. He instructed the Grand Jury that the seizure of United States property and firing on the United States flag by persons owing allegiance to the United States, constituted high treason by levying war; that no State could absolve citizens from their allegiance to the General Government; and that neither South Carolina nor any other State could legally protect citizens of other States in waging war against their Government; that not only those who, acting under authority of different States, have seized the forts, arsenals and other federal property, are guilty of high treason, but also those who may have lent them assistance by the sale to them of arms and munitions of war, or vessels, knowing that the same were to be used in resistance to the authority of the United States Government. He instructed the Grand Jury to inquire into and to indict and present for trial all persons who had in any way assisted the South Carolinians, by supplying them with arms, ammunition or other material of war, or by otherwise giving them aid and comfort in their armed resistance to the Government of the United States. The Judge went even further than this, and directed the Grand Jury to present for trial all who had been aware of the giving of any treasonable assistance, and had neglected to inform the proper authorities thereof.

A TRICK OF THE OLD FOX.

Lieut. Hamilton, who lately resigned from the Navy of the United States, and is now in the service of South Carolina, has addressed, through the Charleston Mercury, an invitation to all Southern officers in the U. S. Navy to do the same thing, and carry the national vessels into Southern ports. Mr. Hamilton is evidently getting uneasy at the position in which he finds himself. He would like all the officers in the Navy of Southern birth to be as indiscreet as himself, so that his modesty might be spared the blush when he comes to ask the Federal Government to take him into its service again. The service is well rid of all such men, who are ready all their lives to serve the Government by taking its pay, but who desert it in the moment of its peril. It is gratifying to know that there are not many like him. The recommendation to violate the trust reposed in them by the Federal Government, and turn public robbers, affords a very clear idea of the honor and honesty of Lieut. Hamilton. We believe there have been only two Americans ever found mean and faithless enough to do such an act. One, if we mistake not, was in the service of the Buenos Ayrean Government, and handed over his vessel to its enemy. The other was an individual named Coste, who, a few weeks ago, surrendered a revenue cutter to South Carolina.

THE U. S. GOVERNMENT TO BE COERCED BY FLORIDA.—South Carolina having paused in her active warfare against the United States, Florida is about to try the same game of coercion, probably with the same result. Fort Pickens, which is a strong fortress, held still by the United States troops, is to be attacked by a large force, if Florida can borrow the troops from Louisiana, and the opinion of the New Orleans News' correspondent, is that Fort Pickens will surrender. Fort Pickens is about as strong as Fort Sumter. It is at the mouth of Pensacola Bay. It is embrasured for two tiers of guns, under bomb-proof casements, besides having one tier of guns in barbette. The guns radiate to every point of the horizon, with flank and enfilading fire at every point of approach. Its complete garrison is 1200 soldiers, but only a few troops are within its walls. Enough, probably, to successfully defend it. It has 210 guns, 63 of which are forty-two pounders. Fort Pickens, if it has anything of a garrison, ought not to be taken.

THE NEW PROJECT for extending the terms of the present municipal officers over till October next, as proposed by Senator Smith, does not meet with much favor. Everybody condemns it as a piece of political trickery, which an honest legislator would be ashamed to propose. The legality of such an act may well be questioned. The Legislature has no more right to elect municipal officers for five months than it has to elect them for a year. Elections are by the people, and not by the Legislature. This attempted interference with public rights shows how reckless are some of our legislators, and how disposed they are to usurp the privileges of the people, and disregard acknowledged rights, so that their schemes are answered. The Legislature should be a body most ready to protect public rights, for, where it fails in its duty, the people have no recourse but a violent one to protect themselves. The tendency of bad or improper legislation is, therefore, to disorder and insecurity.

THE PENNSYLVANIA COMMISSIONERS' RECEPTION AT ANNAPOLIS.—The Legislature of this State very ill-advisedly sent Commissioners to Governor Hicks of Maryland, to compliment him on resisting secession schemes in Maryland. Considering that our Legislature is doing nothing of itself to restore confidence in the border States, and satisfy them that offensive statutes in this State will be repealed, this obtrusion of the Commissioners upon Governor Hicks was an act of officiousness which he very properly rebuked by refusing to receive them in their official capacity. The Commission consisted of Robert M. Palmer, Speaker of the Senate; Gideon J. Ball, of the House of Representatives, and Morton McMichael.

BUSINESS IN SOUTHERN CITIES.—Business does not appear to be any better in the secession States than it is here. Savannah has been somewhat lively in consequence of the port of Charleston being closed, or as good as closed, from the danger to ships and the uncertainty of events in that quarter, but Georgia having seceded, Savannah will soon begin to feel the evil effects of the movement also. In Mobile, the "Register" says every branch of business feels the effect of the political crisis. That paper, in consequence of the loss of advertising from Northern firms, whose business does not warrant the expense, has been compelled to reduce its size. Secession appears to be a bad business everywhere.

GOV. CURTIN'S INAUGURATION.—The inauguration of Gov. Curtin took place at Harrisburg on Tuesday, with considerable ceremony and a large turn-out. The Governor delivered an address on the occasion. It is conciliatory in its character in relation to national affairs, and approves of making it the interest of all sections to remain in the Union.

PENNSYLVANIA COMMON SCHOOLS.—We are indebted to H. G. Leisenring, Esq., for a copy of the report of the Superintendent of Common Schools for the last year. The whole number of Common Schools in the State is 11,577; number of teachers, including Philadelphia, 14,065; number of pupils, 647,414. The total cost of the system for the entire State during the year was $2,619,577.

THEATRICAL PREACHERS.

The preachers have in so many instances of late encroached upon the province of the players, that it is not strange their congregations also have begun to behave as if they were in a theatre. On Fast Day especially, the custom of applauding in churches seems to have been revived with peculiar zest. Dr. Chapin, the Universalist divine, "uttered sentiments that called forth strong marks of approval from a crowded audience;" and Mr. Beecher was rewarded for his efforts by frequent laughter and applause. The report of his performances in the daily papers is interlarded with parenthetical remarks, indicating the sensation this popular actor—we beg pardon, preacher—produced. Mr. Beecher, however, in order to secure his little round, sometimes stoops to stage tricks unworthy of his position as a star. When he thinks he has made a good hit, or said a good thing, he pauses for a long while, and looks expectantly towards the boxes—pshaw! the pews—just as the ballet dancer does after some extraordinary *pose*. However, he is such a favorite with those who frequent his establishment in Brooklyn, that this indication of his desire seldom fails to secure its gratification. If his point is humorous, laughter follows; if he is political, a sensation is perceived all over the house. But only very recently have the usual demonstrations of applause in a theatre been introduced. Still, we see no reason why those who go to be amused or excited as they would to a farce or melo drama, should not reward the exertions of one performer just as they do those of another. The theatrical representations in which Mr. Beecher and Pink took part some time ago, were precisely similar in result and intention to those of the Octoroon. If the players make money in both instances, why should they not also get applause?

THE BRITISH PRESS.

Just now, is full of "know nothings," writing on American affairs—and, indeed, the only journalist who seem to know anything of what he is writing about is he of the London Times—and he does not know much, as he receives his information from abolition sources. Once, it was deemed necessary to know something of what one was writing of—but clearly, out of the Times office, such a prerequisite exists not on the London Press.

The London News fills a column on American affairs, that has not a pretence of sense in it. If a school miss, even, were to make up such an article as appears in the News of December 18th, it would be a composition to be ashamed of—in almost all respects, even that of style. We had prepared some extracts to show the utter folly and ignorance of the writer—but the space occupied is too valuable for the publication of such absurdities.

We would respectfully submit to the proprietors of the London News, that second-rate American renegade Abolitionists are the most unreliable sources of information in the world. When an American turns British journalist and abuses his native land, he should be considered in London just as a Briton would be, if, in Paris in the like occupation. But at any rate, a writer for a London journal should at least know *something* of the topic on which he is writing. The News journalist does not even know that something.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

A farmer should not bet his money, but he may, if he thinks best, stake his land.

. . . . The Washington jewelry swindler is supposed to be the notorious Dr. Hines.

. . . . The beggars in France are licensed. Any begging without a license is punished.

. . . . When you kiss a wily and beautiful coquette you put "an enemy into your mouth to steal away your brain."

. . . . If a bad man proposes a league between you and himself, tell him you would much rather the distance would be several leagues.

. . . . The Co-operation party is the party that had charge of the *circumlocution office*, and is so strenuous in its efforts *how not to do it!*

. . . . Baron Marochetti is at work on a very important colossal allegory for Sardinia, representing "Italy Freed."

. . . . Balfe's long expected opera is announced as being immediately forthcoming. It is called, "Bianca; or the Bravo's Bride."

. . . . A new work of Arctic travels, from the pen of Sir John Richardson, is about to be published under the title of "Polar Regions."

. . . . A charming female writer says that the men like to pick the ladies to pieces. It is certainly very pleasant sometimes to take them apart.

. . . . The Charleston correspondent of the Columbia South Carolinian says the buoys have been removed from Charleston harbor, and the lights in the light-houses extinguished.

. . . . There are but few instances on record of a Cabinet minister out of place revealing State secrets, and the conduct of Gov. Floyd in this regard has been severely animadverted upon by all parties.

. . . . Says the Providence Post: "Graham, of North Carolina, not relishing the joke which the Republican newspapers have put upon him, declines a seat in Lincoln's Cabinet. So will Scott, of Virginia, whose name is freely used, unless we are greatly deceived."

. . . . Col. David Page is a most determined member of the Maine Legislature from the Aroostook region. On his way from his home to the capital he walked fifteen miles on foot, and ten miles on snow shoes, the snow being two and a half feet deep and unbroken.

. . . . It is now considered certain in Lincoln circles that at least one, and perhaps two places, will be left open in the Cabinet, and that they will not be filled until after the arrival of the President in the Federal capital. The statement that Robert E. Scott, of Virginia, and William A. Graham, would be taken from the slaveholding States, is totally unfounded.

. . . . In Portland, Oregon, there is a man who lived with his wife several years, and they had several children. At last she got tired of him, and proposed that they should get a divorce. He said he had no objection, if she would support him. She agreed to do so, and they were divorced. She is now married to another man, and supports her former husband by retaining him in the family as a servant.

. . . . The negroes in Washington (there are about 15,000 free negroes in the city) are very much elated; and some amusing stories are related of them. A lady who had hired a free negro girl from her mother, wished to engage her services for the next year, but was informed by the mother that Lincoln having been elected, her husband expected to get a clerkship, and then she would send her daughter to a northern boarding-school for young ladies.

. . . . The celebrated Mr. Helper, who compiled the book that produced such a political sensation in this country a year ago, and may be fairly pronounced the chief *author* of our present state of national disorganization, is now in New York, and has received the reward of his iniquity! At his flourishingly announced lecture, a few evenings since, the people let him alone so severely that it wounded his soul to the very quick, and not being patronised to an extent that would pay for the gas light he suddenly subsided from the popular sight. *Tant mieux*, say we—and we say it in no partisan spirit, but in the spirit of patriotism, for we love our country and its peace too much to do anything but detest those who mischievously disturb either.

. . . . Mrs. Lincoln, it is stated, is of medium size, slightly inclined to *embonpoint*; her face is oval, and as remarkable for its regular and rounded outlines as is her husband's for angularity. She has soft eyes, dark hair, fair complexion, and altogether as agreeable a face as one would wish to see. It is said she displays much taste in her toilette. On a recent occasion, of a morning call, her dress was a brown or oak colored silk with grayish flowers and leaves. It was made full with flounces, fitted well, hung gracefully about her person, and trailed just a trifle. Her bonnet was of black silk trimmed with cherry ribbon, which, with a dark mixed shawl, neatly fitting kid gloves, and a rich lavender colored parasol, completed her costume.

. . . . The Charlestor, S. C. Mercury of the 12th inst. says:

"The Palmetto Guards, 109 men, Capt. Middleton the Irish Volunteers, 92 men, Capt. E. Magrath, and a detachment of the German Artillery, are now stationed at the light-house on Morris Island. They arrived yesterday morning, having taken the inland route. They are all well and in good spirits. The steamer Gen. Clinch will leave for Morris Island at half-past eight o'clock this morning from Southern Wharf."

The preparations for a forcible resistance to the United States are constantly going on directly under the guns at Fort Sumter, without interruption; yet South Carolina declares that any similar movement on the part of the General Government is coercion—a declaration of war. Now we can see no reason why one party should be required to remain inert while the other is all action. "Fair play is a jewel." If the present status of the United States is to be observed, a corresponding course should be maintained by the seceders.

. . . . "Once a Week," a London newspaper, has the following notice of our President elect. The sketch is by a free pen:

"Abraham Lincoln is a gaunt giant, more than six feet high, strong and long-limbed. He walks slow, and like many thoughtful men, (Wadsworth and Napoleon, for example,) keeps his head inclined forward and downward. His hair is wiry black, his eyes are dark grey; his smile is frank, sincere and winning. Like most American gentlemen, he is loose and careless in dress, turns down his flapping white collars, and wears habitually what we consider evening dress. His head is massive, his brow full and wide, his nose large and fleshy, his mouth coarse and full; his eyes are sunken, his bronzed face is thin, and drawn down into strong corded lines, that disclose the machinery that moves the broad jaw. This great leader of the Republican party—this Abolitionist—this terror of the Democrats—this honest old lawyer, with a face half Roman, half Indian, so wasted by climate, so scarred by life's struggles, was born in 1809, in Kentucky. His grandfather, who came from Virginia, was killed by the Indians. His father died young, leaving a widow and several children. They removed to Indiana. Abe being at that time only six years old. Poor and struggling, his mother could only afford him some eight months' rough schooling; and in the clearings of the new, unsettled country, the healthy stripling went to work to hew hickory and gum-trees, to grapple with racmonstrating bears, and to look out for the too frequent rattlesnake. Tall, strong, lithe and smiling, Abe toiled on as farm laborer mule driver, sheep feeder deer killer, wood cutter, and lastly, as boatman on the waters of the Wabash and Mississippi."

AMUSEMENTS.

Miss Cushman, notwithstanding the very unpleasant weather all last week, filled the Arch Street Theatre nightly with her wonderful personation of "Nancy Sykes" in the drama of "Oliver Twist." She opens the present week in the same piece at the same theatre. She also plays in the after piece.

At the *Walnut Street Theatre*, Mr. Sothern continues his engagement through the present week, playing his great character of "Lord Dundreary," in "Our American Cousin at Home." He is a very clever performer.

Geo. B. Hood announces a grand operatic entertainment at the *Academy of Music*, on Thursday evening, of this week, including Carl Formes, Italian Opera Company, and Madame Anna Bishop's English Opera Company. This is an attractive combination, and one that ought to fill the house.

Sanford's Opera House has been attended with very great success. Sanford's representation of Uncle Tom is a natural and life-like portraiture of a character that is frequently met with in the South. Dixey as "Topsy," Cool White, Von Bonhorst, Frank Moran, and others assist materially.

Signor Blitz has returned from a successful visit to Cuba, and is preparing to open his very amusing performances in this city, from which point he will as heretofore make excursions into the country for the benefit of companies desiring his services.

Van Amburgh & Co.'s Zoological Institute, at the Government Building, next above the Custom House, Chesnut street, is well located and convenient for the attendance of the better class of visitors. It is one of the best shows of the kind ever in this city.

Col. J. D. Murphy, the business agent of the Walnut Street Theatre, announces his benefit for the 28th inst. A great bill is in preparation, and the friends of the Colonel are all astir for the occasion.

At the *Olympic Theatre*, a romantic play, called "The Seven Sisters," will be produced at much expense, and in a most effective manner.

On February 5th, or thereabouts, the celebrated *Rarey* appears at the Academy of Music for a short series of exhibitions. In the meantime, persons having ferocious and ungovernable horses may count upon a gratuitous opportunity to have them subjected.

THE NUMBER OF DEATHS in this city last week was 258—of which 161 were adults and 97 children.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, January 21, 1861.

Notwithstanding all that is said about stagnation in business, and the unfavorable prospects of the coming spring trade, the foreign importers would seem to have abundant confidence in the ability and willingness of the country to buy—be the result of the political convulsions what they may. Though the entries for the week ending to-day are nearly one-third less than for the corresponding season last year; yet, if we compare from the 1st of January to date, a material excess is visible in favor of 1861. If the cargoes of the Asia and Edinburgh were included in the returns for this current week, it is quite possible that the dry goods, as well as the general merchandise, would be quite up to the business of last season. The following is the usual Custom House report:—

Imports for Week.	1860.	1861.
Dry Goods,	$3,398,987	$4,256,362	$2,671,698
General Indse.,	2,321,254	1,830,014	1,973,707
Total for week,	$4 720,141	$6,086,366	$4,645,345
Previously rep'd,	3,142,162	4,517,739	6,570,734
Since January 1st,	$7,862,303	$10,704,105	$11,216,079

Private despatches from New Orleans received to-day, go to show that the secession feeling there, and indeed throughout Louisiana, is rather stronger than anywhere else, outside of South Carolina. "The State will undoubtedly secede," is the concurrent testimony of all who have anything to say on the subject.

The President of the Hudson River Railroad has issued orders to the local superintendents at the upper end of the line, to refuse transportation to all cannon and munitions of war destined to the seceding States. Some freight of that description is said to have been offered at Troy on Saturday, but peremptorily refused.

A horrible affair took place, on Friday, in the basement of No. 171 West Twenty-ninth street, occupied as a shoe store, kept by one Peter Bradley. Samuel Love, aged 46, and his sister, Mary Ann Love, were boarders with Bradley. Last night, it seems, all of them were on a spree, ending in a fight in the course of which, it is said, the woman was killed. Bradley and Love were arrested into custody. The latter said the former had had a quarrel with his sister, but nothing definite could be ascertained as to the cause of the murder. There is a strong suspicion that the woman was strangled.

The papers are noticing the death of the once famous Lola Montez, Countess of Lansfeldt, etc., etc., whose bad health, at intervals during the past year, has been the subject of many a reportorial item. People who were in communication with her during the few weeks previous to her death, say she was imbued deeply with religious feelings, and was frequently visited by Rev. Dr. Hawks, of Calvary Church. Her death took place on Wednesday last, and her funeral on the following day.

The city is deluged with a fresh batch of counterfeit bills—this time $3s—on the Bank of Berkshire, Mass. Many grocers, dry goods dealers and small traders have been extensively "stuck" with them. Several persons have been arrested and held to answer.

The Bank of the Republic, under instructions from the Governor of North Carolina, announces that it will pay the interest on all the bonds of the State, without regard to the late fraud in the Interior Department.

I have it on the best authority—the authority namely—of one of the Grand Jurymen, whom Judge Smalley charged the other day to look after the traitors among us, that Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley and Senator Seward, have each been served with a summons to appear before the Grand Inquest, to answer such interrogations as may be put to them, there, concerning certain grave matters with which they are supposed to have connection. Mr. Greeley, I understand, is not in town, but Mr. Beecher is, and as that gentleman will no doubt respond, the newspaper reporters, with characteristic enterprise, are already on his heels, anxious to get his "statement"—before it is made.

The Grand Jury in the U. S. Circuit Court, on Thursday, presented indictments against Nathaniel Currier, Emanuel St. Savour and others, charging them with voluntarily serving on board the slaver Bonita. The accused are twenty in number, and all plead "not guilty."

COTTON is steady at 12 a 12½ cents for Middling Uplands and New Orleans.

FLOUR—Western and State Flour has improved, 16,000 bbls. were sold at $5 25 a 5 35 for superfine State and Western, $5 40 a 5 55 for extra State; $5 45 a 5 60 for low grades of Western extra, and $5 80 a 5 85 for shipping brands of round hoop extra Ohio. Southern Flour is steady, and the request is moderate, 1200 bbls. were sold at $5 75 a 6 10 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, and $6 15 a 7 20 for the better kinds. Rye Flour is firm, 200 bbls. were sold at $3 40 a 4 15. Corn Meal is in fair demand at $3 10 a 4 10.

GRAIN—The market for wheat is more active. 43,000 bushels were sold at $1 17 a 1 19 for Chicago spring; $1 20 a 1 25 for Northwestern club; $1 28 a 1 30 for Milwaukie club, and $1 50 a 1 55 for white Michigan. Rye is firm at 75 cents. Barley is steady. Small sales were made at 68½c. Oat are in good demand at 36 a 38½c.

PROVISIONS.—Pork is in very good demand, and prices have improved. 350 barrels were sold at $17 50 a 17 75 for new mess, and $13 25 a 13 37 for prime. Beef is steady at $9 a 9 50 for repacked mess. Lard is firm at 10¼ a 11 cents. Butter and Cheese are without any material change.

WHISKY.—Is in good demand and firm. 1000 bbls. were sold at 18¼ a 18½c.

Mr. Bailey Liberated.

Fort Sumter not to be Attacked—Mr. Holt and the Mails in South Carolina.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—Mr. Bailey, late clerk in the Interior Department, who has been confined in jail here, on a charge of having abstracted Indian Trust Fund bonds to the value of $870,000, has been liberated on bail of $10,000.

It is stated in Republican circles, that Congressmen Morehead and Kellogg are to meet Thurlow Weed and a Mr. Swett of Illinois, to morrow, at Crestline, Ohio, to take counsel as to the designation of Senator Cameron for a Cabinet position under Lincoln.

It is stated that Fort Sumter is not to be attacked, because Mr. Jefferson Davis expressed the opinion that it cannot be taken by war troops without immense slaughter, if at all. Mr. Davis leaves for Mississippi to-morrow. The Government has no information that Maj. Anderson gets market supplies, but Col. Hayne, the S. C. Commissioner here, so states. This latter gentleman has made no written communication to the President concerning South Carolina affairs.

Mr. Holt has received no answer from Gov. Pickens to his letter, demanding that Maj. Anderson's letters shall be promptly delivered to him, or that postal facilities will be withdrawn from Charleston, and perhaps the entire State of South Carolina. Information has been received, however, that his mail matter is sent to Fort Johnson daily, where Maj. Anderson's messenger may receive it.

AL.

The Postal Facilities in the Seceding States.

WASHINGTON, Jan 21.—Numerous applications continue to be made by Postmasters in the seceding States for supplies of postage stamps. Before the orders are filled an affirmative response is necessary to the question, whether they do now and will continue to hold themselves responsible to the Government, in conformity to the existing laws, for all the postal revenues received by them? Orders have been filled accordingly to the Postmasters following the example of the Charleston Postmaster, and thus far the postal communication in the South has been uninterrupted.

Judge Greenwood still has the tender of the Secretaryship of the Interior under consideration.

Steamer Cora Anderson Sunk.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 21.—The steamer Cora Anderson has been sunk at Eagle Bend, forty miles above Vicksburg. 600 hogsheads of sugar and 800 sacks of coffee in the hold will be lost. The boat is valued at $20,000, and was probably insured.

Destruction of Railroad Property by Fire.

CHICAGO, Jan. 19.—The Round House of the Chicago, Fort Wayne, and Pittsburg Railroad was burned to day. Two locomotives and other property were also destroyed. Loss $20,000—no insurance.

TELEGRAPH NEWS.

THIRTY-SIXTH CONGRESS—2d Session.

WASHINGTON, January 22, 1861.

SENATE.—Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, from the Committee on Finance, reported the Indian Appropriation Bill, and asked to be excused from further service on the Finance Committee. He said that it was evident that the party majority in the Senate would soon be changed, and he thought that justice to himself and the Senate required him to be excused. Mr. Hunter had been chairman of the Finance Committee for fifteen years. He was excused.

Mr. Polk, of Missouri, presented the petition of citizens of Missouri, the signatures occupying fifteen qtires of foolscap. It was wrapped in the American flag, and inscribed "Love to the North, the South, the East, and the West," asking the passage of the Crittenden resolutions. Laid on the table.

Messrs. Yulee and Mallory, of Florida, Clay and Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, and Davis, of Mississippi, all, in consequence of the several States which they represented, having passed Secession Ordinances, made speeches announcing their withdrawal from the United States Senate.

As the Senators from Florida, Alabama and Mississippi left, all the Democratic Senators crowded about them, shaking hands. Messrs. Hale and Cameron were the only Republicans that did so.

On motion of Mr. Seward the bill for the admission of Kansas was taken up, read a third time, and passed as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Anthony, Baker, Bigler, Bingham, Bright, Cameron, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Crittenden, Doolittle, Douglas, Durkee, Fessenden, Fitch, Foot, Foster, Grimes, Hale, Harlan, Johnson of Tennessee, King, Latham, Morrill, Pugh, Rice, Seward, Simmons, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Thompson, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson, and Wilson—36.

NAYS—Messrs. Bayard, Benjamin, Clingman, Green, Hemphill, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson of Arkansas, Kennedy, Mason, Nicholson, Polk, Powell, Sebastian, Slidell and Wigfall—16.

The Crittenden resolutions were taken up.

Mr. Bigler, of Pa., spoke at length in favor of their passage. He claimed the right of the people to amend the Constitution, and referred to the rise of the country from thirteen small States, and its subsequent progress; to the danger in which it now stands of disruption and ruin. Recent events have added exasperation to both sections, till the South believes that their only safety lies in eternal separation. Now our mission is to restore peace. He then argued the necessity and propriety of a convention of the people to adopt amendments to the Constitution. He urged the Senators on the other side to consider the necessity of passing these or similar resolutions. He appealed to South Carolina to consider if its rights could not be obtained in the Union. He claimed that the Territories ought to be opened to all the people. One great difficulty in the way of an adjustment has been the abuse and insult heaped on the Southern people by some of their leaders. He declared his opposition to secession, and yet he believed that the redress for the alleged grievances of the South should be sought for at the hands of the people. He believed that the laws should be maintained; and closed by expressing his fidelity to his own State.

Mr. Cameron, of Penna., said he would not make a speech, for though his colleague had eloquently represented the sentiment of his great State, and offered the olive branch, yet the Senators on the other side had not listened nor responded. But the people of that great State would do anything to save the Union. He was inclined to vote for the propositions of his colleague, and would do all he could to save the Union.

Mr. Green, of Missouri, said the Senators on this side had so much confidence in the patriotism and devotion of the Senator from Pennsylvania (Mr. Bigler), that they did not think it necessary to watch him. But the other side did not want to hear words of patriotism and devotion.

Mr. Cameron said he was sorry that the Senators who left this morning had not waited till they heard from Pennsylvania.

Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, asked if the Senator approved of his colleague's speech.

Mr. Cameron—Very much, and I say to the Senator that if it will save the country I will vote for the proposition of my colleague.

Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware, said he wished to say that the Senator from Pennsylvania (Mr. Cameron) had manifested a spirit of patriotism and devotion to the country and the Union which he thought all might imitate.

Mr. Cameron—I say to the Senator from Georgia, and to all gentlemen, that if they will take the proposition of my colleague I will vote for it, and we will pass it.

Mr. Iverson asked if he approved of the sentiments of his colleague against coercion. That is the point.

Mr. Cameron—Coercion is the last remedy to which I would resort.

Mr. Iverson—Is it a remedy at all?

Mr. Cameron—It is a bad remedy. I do not know whether I would ever resort to it. Certainly it is the last remedy to which I would resort.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, referred to the fact that the Senator had voted against Mr. Crittenden's motion and for the amendment of the Senator from New Hampshire (Mr. Clark). The Senator from Ohio (Mr. Wade) had presented the resolutions passed by the Legislature of his State, one of which declared against the personal liberty bills; and yet the House of Assembly of Ohio had refused to repeal one of these laws. He wanted to show the people of his State and the country the difference between the profession and the practice of these gentlemen.

Mr. Cameron said the Senator from Virginia seemed to be anxious for an excuse to leave the Union. He had voted as he did because he saw no disposition to compromise on the other side, unless we were to bend our bended knees and asked forgiveness. He should ask no forgiveness, because he had done no wrong. He was willing to forgive the backsliding of the South, and do all he could to preserve the Union; but he was not to be dragooned or driven. He was the peer and equal of the Senator from Virginia.

Mr. Mason said he was unconscious of having said anything to arouse the wrath of the Senator from Pennsylvania. He did not want an excuse for leaving the Union. If he wanted any excuse it was to know how to remain in the Union. He had seen to-day six Senators take formal leave, and he knew the Union was dissolved—absolutely dissolved. The Senators may not recognize its dissolution, but that does not alter the fact. Those States are gone, and the chairs of their representatives are vacant. What is the remedy? Coercion? The question of peace or war was in the hands of the majority. The South deplored war because of its consequences, and not from fear; and if she was forced into war then there would be such a conflict as the world has never seen. The only excuse he wanted was how to remain in the Union, and would to God that the Senator from Pennsylvania could give him such an excuse.

Mr. Cameron said he had not heard of any threats of war from his State, but if it must come, Pennsylvania will be ready to meet it. The people of his State were ready to do anything honorable to save the Union. They were willing to yield all prejudices. But the North has committed no aggression nor wrong, and you can't drive them by bullying them. If you want the Union preserved let us know what wrong we can redress, and we will redress it.

Mr. Saulsbury said he looked upon the remarks of the Senator from Pennsylvania as an omen of good. He believed that the Senator was sincere, and though four or five States have left us, if the Senators on this side meet Pennsylvania in the same spirit, the Union will still remain. He invoked the Senators all to imitate the spirit of the Senator from Pennsylvania.

Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, urged immediate action on this important measure, and spoke against any postponement. He expressed the hope that the Union might remain for a long time yet, and the States be re-united.

On motion of Mr. Powell, of Rhode Island, the Senate then adjourned.

HOUSE.—Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, asked leave to present a memorial from certain Methodist clergymen of Illinois.

Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky—I object. Let them attend to their own business.

Mr. Florence, of Pennsylvania—Let us hear what they have to say.

Mr. Lovejoy—The memorial asks for protection from religious persecution; a Methodist clergyman having been hanged in Texas simply for his religious opinions. Laid on the table.

The Speaker laid before the House a letter signed by the Alabama delegation, withdrawing from further deliberations of the House in consequence of the secession of that State.

Mr. English, of Indiana, offered a preamble, setting forth that in the alarming condition of the country mere differences of opinion should be discarded, and all causes of sectional differences removed; and believing that Mr. Crittenden's plan of adjustment is acceptable, and an honorable compromise, involving no sacrifice; therefore be it resolved, that the Select Committee of Thirty-three be instructed, without delay, to take the necessary measures to carry it into practical effect.

Mr. English moved a suspension of the rules, which was negatived—yeas 67, nays 92.

Mr. English wished the country to take notice that the Republican party would not allow a vote thereon.

Mr. Grow, of Penna.—The Republican side will vote when they choose.

The House proceeded to the consideration of Mr. Corwin's report on the crisis.

Mr. Corwin, of Ohio, said incidentally, if a State may withdraw herself from connection with the other States, it did not follow that she did not chose to avail herself of the benefits conferred by the Union; that every law vital to the existence of the Union and necessary to the carrying out of the aims of the Union, may not be enforced without disturbing the peace of the State. It is the duty of every free State to suppress any publication intended to be circulated in the South, with the intent to create a domestic insurrection, and to punish the author thereof. The newspaper press and the orators at the South have magnified fifty or one hundred times the imaginary dangers to be apprehended from a Republican Administration. It is not, however, from anything that that party has avowed, but they fear a wicked design in the election of Mr. Lincoln, as to the amendment of the Constitution to the injury of the South relative to slavery. This was absurd; there were now fifteen slave and eighteen free States, and to have the power to amend, there must be twelve more free States in order to procure the necessary two-thirds, and besides three-fourths of the States must be secured. The committee propose an amendment making any change in slavery dependent on the action of every State; and what more is necessary, or can be demanded?

Mr. Millson, of Virginia, presumed that no man wants to discontinue the Union as the Constitution made it. Perhaps the worst sign of the day is the levity with which disunion seems to be regarded by many. He had been asked in Virginia should she submit to Lincoln? He had replied, No, never! It is Lincoln that must submit to Virginia, because he must discharge the duties imposed on him by Virginia and the other States, who, in framing the Constitution, limited the power to be exercised. Whoever receives a majority of the electoral vote, must, under the Constitution, be President. As to South Carolina, instead of escaping from the Union, he would have her call a convention of her confederate States, and make known her grievances and her purpose to withdraw. But having withdrawn, she is not to be coerced in any form. During his remarks he expressed his admiration of the temper and tone of the whole of Mr. Corwin's speech. He favored the amendment to the Constitution as the committee recommended, to place slavery in the States beyond Congressional control. If the Republicans will not consent to the settlement of the present difficulties the patriotism of the American people, North and South, will compel them. He expressed the hope that the Union would yet be preserved and the seceding States restored to their former position. Adjourned.

Virginia Legislature.

RICHMOND, Jan. 19.—In the Senate, to-day the report of the Committee on Federal Relations, contemplating a National Convention, was resumed.

The second resolution was amended by appointing John Tyler, Wm. C. Rives, John T. Brockenbrough, George T. Summers, and James A. Seddon, Commissioners to Washington, on the 4th of February, to meet Commissioners from other States.

The fifth resolution was amended by modifying Mr. Crittenden's proposition to give additional protection and security to slave property.

The sixth was amended by appointing Mr. Tyler commissioner to wait on the President, and Judge John Robertson commissioner to South Carolina and other seceding States, to request both parties to abstain from hostile acts during the pendency of these proceedings.

The resolutions were passed by a vote of 40 yeas to 5 nays.

Mr. Bruce offered the following:

Resolved, That if all efforts to reconcile the unhappy differences between the sections of the country shall prove abortive, then every consideration of honor and interest demands that Virginia shall unite her destinies with her sister slaveholding States. Adopted unanimously.

Mr. Stuart offered a basis of adjustment, contemplating the withdrawal of the trust in regard to the Territories from the hands of Congress, and providing the equitable partition of the Territories between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States, by an amendment to the Constitution; and that States created out of the territory north or south of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes, shall be admitted with or without slavery, as their Constitutions may ordain. Ordered to be printed.

The House concurred in the Senate amendments, as above given.

Mr. Seddon offered resolutions that the interests of Virginia are those of her Southern sisters, and no reconstruction of the Union can be permanent and satisfactory which will not secure to each section self-protecting power against any invasion, by the Federal Union, upon the reserved rights of either. Adopted.

Latest from Charleston.

CHARLESTON, Jan. 21.—The four soldiers from Fort Sumter, who were in the city as witnesses in a murder case, attempted to escape on Saturday by leaping from the window of the Grand Jury room. They were prevented, and, on leaving the Court, were escorted to the boat by a file of soldiers, which surrounded the coach containing them.

Governor Pickens sent, yesterday, a supply of fresh provisions to Major Anderson, with his compliments. The Major, however, refused to receive it, but returned thanks for the courtesy, and stated that he would decline to receive anything until he knew what course the Government at Washington intended to order.

A salute of five guns was fired on Saturday for the seceding States. The secession of Georgia has had a happy effect, but there has been no demonstration on account of it.

Late and Important from Georgia.

MILLEDGEVILLE, Jan. 20.—The Governor of Georgia, on Saturday, sent to the Convention a copy of the resolutions passed by the New York Legislature on the 11th inst. After they were read, Mr. Toombs offered the following resolution:

Resolved, unanimously, as a response to the threatening resolutions of the New York Legislature, that this Convention highly approves of the energetic and patriotic conduct of the Governor of Geor

[The following patriotic lines are from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, and are copied from the Hartford Times:]

"WE'RE BROTHERS ALL."

The gale came piping o'er the wild
Once at the musing hour,
And grove and forest lifted up
Their wind-harps to its power—
And words were to the music set
As swell'd the blended strain—
"Ye're brothers all! Ye're brothers all!
From Mexic flood to Maine."

Mount Washington, a line of fire
To Alleghany sent,
For link by Lightning touch'd the wires
And on the message went,
While to the telegraph replied
Pacific's rocky chain,
"Ye're brothers all! Ye're brothers all!
From Mexic flood to Maine."

The mighty Rivers woke to sound—
Missouri broad and brave,—
Bold Hudson with his thronging keels,
Ohio's crystal wave—
Niagara, glorious and sublime,
Gave thunder to the strain,
"Ye're brothers all! Ye're brothers all!
From Mexic flood to Maine."

Old Massachusetts took the word—
Bright Texas join'd the shout—
And little Rhoda clapp'd her hands
And help'd the chorus out.
Virginia bade it nobly roll
Throughout her fair domain—
"We're brothers all! We're brothers all!
From Mexic flood to Maine."

Then, from the spirit land—a voice
Seem'd o'er the soul to flow,
Even such as dying fathers breathe
When from their homes they go—
Mount Vernon's solemn cypress stirr'd
Responsive to the strain—
"Ye're brothers all! Ye're brothers all!
From Mexic flood to Maine."

Should Discord rear its hydra-head,
Or eyes with Anger shine,
Or foul Ambition in his cell
Mature some plot malign—
We'll hush the strife, the madness quell,
O'errule their tyrant reign—
"We're brothers all! We're brothers all!
From Mexic flood to Maine."

L. H. S.

Hartford, Conn., Dec. 31st, 1860.

THE FARMER.

[We will send the "Dollar Newspaper" gratuitously for one year to all who will become occasional contributors to this department of the paper. At the expiration of the year it will be discontinued unless our attention is called to a renewal.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

A Most Marvellous Mode of Management.

There is a practice somewhat prevalent in one of the States in which this paper circulates, which has always appeared so marvellous and unaccountable, that it has proved far more difficult to find any satisfactory solution of its mysterious than to solve the most ingenious of puzzles or the most intricate of problems. The practice referred to, and followed by hundreds of farmers, in a State which has an abundance of common schools, and even an agricultural college, is that of burning green wood all the year round, and chopping only an armful or two at any one time. Notwithstanding that there are near neighbors of these men so devoted to the burning of green wood, whose experience in the burning of dry wood enables them to speak, in the strongest and most confident terms of the great superiority of the latter practice, both as to economy and comfort, yet the former continue, year after year, to avoid dry wood as they would a dangerous and mischievous enemy, or a nest of rattlesnakes. All the preaching and all the practice of their dry wood neighbors is not sufficient to persuade them to make even a brief trial of the mode of management which is claimed to be *so* superior to that which they so persistently adhere to. And what is, perhaps, most marvellous of all in the management of these devotees of green wood, and of the chopping of only small quantities of it at one time, is this: they seem to prefer to dig the wood for their morning's fire out of the snow just as it is wanted, rather than to have it under cover, or where it might receive the benefit of the fire of the previous evening. Even to this most wonderful extent, do not a few carry out their astonishing attachment to green wood for burning! We are not sufficiently acquainted with the State in which the "Dollar Newspaper" is published, nor with the other States lying East of Lake Erie, to enable us to speak confidently of the existence there of similar marvellous modes of management; but according to rumors and reports which have reached us, there are, even in these longer settled and more enlightened regions, a few who still remain addicted to this most marvellous of all modes of management.

One object in view in thus soliciting the attention of the readers of the "Newspaper" to this most puzzling of phenomena, is to call out an explanation of the mystery, if any of our brother readers of this paper should have been fortunate enough to discover "the secret." For ourselves, we confess our utter inability to account for the great and long-continued attachment which some of our brother-farmers manifest for green wood for burning purposes. It has for years been a standing puzzle, as insoluble and as encircled in impenetrable darkness as it was the first day we ever encountered the task. A solution or clearing up of this mystery would, therefore, be a most gratifying enlightenment and a welcome relief, not merely to one, but, we doubt not, to scores and hundreds of the readers of this paper. Shall we have it? There *must* be some secret about this matter. There *must* be some deep and as yet but dimly-discovered cause; for otherwise men would not persist, year after year, in a practice which they know, by much that they hear, especially from their wives, by much that they see, and by much that they read, that is, those of them who do read, to be very generally condemned as shiftless, wasteful, foolish and comfort-destroying. Now is it to be supposed possible that *men* should persist year after year in a practice which is loaded with so many repulsive epithets, and which exposes them to the contempt and ridicule, or perhaps pity, of their neighbors and fellow-townsmen, if there were not some potent reason, some powerfully compelling cause for their marvellous persistency in that practice? No, certainly not; there *must* be some such reason or cause for their conduct, and the knowing rogues are cunning enough to keep the secret to themselves! Brethren, let us help one another to ferret it out.

Were it not for this well-concealed secret, farmers, above all men, would be provided at all times with an abundance of dry wood, for in most cases they can procure it with little or no outlay of money, and merely for cutting and hauling it. This, too, they can do in the winter, without interfering with other work. And were it not for some kindred secret, *men* would never persist, summer after summer, in chopping their wood armful by armful all through the season—even in haying and harvest time—just as it is wanted for use. However pressing may be the work in the fields, the boss or the boys must neglect it until they have chopped a few sticks of wood. Now when all this preparing of firewood could have been done so much cheaper and more conveniently in the winter, can any one doubt that there is some grand secret about this whole affair?

* *

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.

SUGAR MAPLE CULTURE.

Permit me to present to the readers of the Dollar Newspaper some observations relative to the culture and utility of the Sugar Maple. In my humble opinion, there can cultivated be in this climate no forest tree more desirable and profitable than this. In the summer, its dark green foliage is very pleasant to the eye, and the shade it furnishes, when the heat is oppressive, is very agreeable. When full grown, it is a tree of stateliness and beauty. But its utility is apparent from the excellent fuel it furnishes, from its timber for mechanical purposes, and from the palatable sugar extracted from it. Hence, I would suggest to every farmer the propriety of planting two rows of young Sugar Maples on each side of the highways that run through their farms. They can be set a few feet within the bounds of the road, and no one would injure them, unless he was a barbarian or a Vandal. If they were thus planted along the lines of our public roads, they would in a few years furnish a delightful shade to the weary traveller, and add beauty to the adjacent farms. Besides, after the sap is set in the spring, the tops may be thinned of many of the branches, and these may be reserved for fuel in the ensuing winter. After a few years the sugar obtained from the trees will be ample compensation for the expense of planting them, and taking care of them. The molasses, also, that is the result of boiling down the maple sap, is greatly superior in flavor to that obtained from the sugar cane, and will always command a much higher price in market. And here I would not forget to remark, that last season I made molasses from the sap of *soft maple*, almost equal in flavor to the best honey. Trees of the maple kind, when healthy and thrifty, may be safely tapped, even if they are not more than three or four inches in diameter. When they are thus small, the hole should be made in them with a quarter of an inch bit, and after the sap has ceased flowing, it should be stopped up with fine mortar made of lime and ashes, intermingled with a little sulphur. I have been credibly informed that a certain gentleman set a maple in front of his house, when he was in the prime of life, and at the age of sixty, he made in a year thirty pounds of sugar from the sap of the tree. His method was, to cut off a limb half an inch in diameter, to which he attached a bucket. The top was so extensive that he used thirty buckets, and from the sap thus procured, he made the thirty pounds. When the sugar making was over, he cut the limbs close, and thus pruned the tree. As I do not doubt the truth of this anecdote, so I would strongly urge my readers to attempt the cultivation of the Sugar Maple, both for ornament and profit. I have noticed in this part of the country quite a number have failed in the attempt to cultivate the maple. This failure has been the result of not setting out the tree at the proper time, or of not taking due care of it when set out. I select, if possible, thrifty trees of the second growth, as they are called. I mark those that have a low and well proportioned top, for these commonly have the best roots. I have found that those which are about 1½ inches in diameter near the ground, are more likely to live and thrive; sometimes larger ones well set in a good soil, and well nutured, live and grow finely. Now, when you transplant the tree, observe to cut off with a glancing stroke, the top of the tree eight or ten feet from the root, leaving no important branch or limb untrimmed. Before doing this, the soil should be mellowed, that it may be properly applied around the roots. Make the tree stand erect, regardless of the bends in the body of it. But take care not to bend and cramp any of its roots, for, if you do, the wind will render it more liable to lean, and its position less firm. Let the tree be planted as near to the original depth in the soil as possible, for this is a sound dictate of nature. After the tree is thus set, tie it to a stake, fastened firmly in the ground, tread firmly the soil about it for the benefit of the roots, and to keep them securely in their place, otherwise the shaking of the tree by the winds may loosen them. Many persons are desirous of having a high and wide spreading top that shall appear well proportioned and handsome; but you need not be solicitous about this matter, for nature will soon furnish a splendid top, if the tree is well taken care of. A high top renders the tree more liable to injury from violent winds, and consequently more liable to be prostrated. I have found by trial that the maple may be transplated in the autumn with good success, if it can be secured from the *heaving frosts* of winter. But the spring time is preferable, just as the buds begin to break, and the tree is fully *charged with sap*. Then it is in fit condition to send out very soon *new shoots*, and begin to strike its roots more firmly in the earth.

MALAKOFF.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

MONTHLY STOCK SALES.

Some weeks since, I gave you a short history of our "Monthly Stock Stales." As you considered the offering of sufficient importance to award it an early place in your Agricultural columns—see issue of Nov. 28th, 1860—I have thought a statistical summary from the beginning, might not be unacceptable:

No. cattle sold 58 sales, (to Jan., 1861)				13,931	head.
" of these 3, 2 and 1 year old steers,				13,012	"
Tl ave. price of 3, 2 and 1 year olds, 58 sales,				$23	16
do	do	3 year olds alone	do	30	65
do	do	2 do do	do	23	89
do	do	1 do do	do	15	89
do	do	yokes oxen	do	95	67
do	do	fat cattle do	do	43	14
do	do	cows (milch generally)		27	41
do	do	heifers and dry cows	do	19	41
do	do	horses (all ages)	do	94	20
do	do	mules do	do	78	83
do	do	sheep and lambs	do	2	13
do	do	hogs (generally per 100 lbs.)		5	99

Total assessed value of all cattle retailed for taxation in Madison county, for past five years average..... $23 60

Tl ave. No. cattle so retailed for 5 years 23,004 head

From the above figures it will be seen that the taxable value of *all* our neat stock almost exactly corresponds with the averages of "sales" for five years past, of 3, 2 and 1 year cattle, *alone*. More than this, our county has occupied the "front rank" in our State of average taxable valuation, having been in 1857 and 1858 over $25 per head for all ages and kinds. That much of this prond superiority is chiefly attributable to the influence of our "Monthly Sales," is without question.

My main object—as stated in former communication—is to try and induce other sections of our country to profit by our example and experiment, by inaugurating kindred associations, if you please, at some central point in each county or neighborhood. Of the utility of these—there termed "Market Fairs"—in Great Britain and other continental countries, they all admit, wherever established, by continuing from year to year.

May our whole country speedily commence the good work of establishment, meeting in friendly agreement, at stated weekly, monthly or quarterly periods, to regulate their wants and supplies. The one to dispose of his surplus for *cash*, and the other to obtain his requisite demands. Thus all will be accommodated, much more readily and economically than at present.

W.

London, Madison Co., O., 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

PRESERVATION OF POSTS, ETC.

Permit me to make some inquiries and offer a few suggestions respecting the Preservation of Posts. In a late number of the "Dollar Newspaper," in the column of "Science and Art," appeared an article on the value of glass solutions, or water glass, for preserving timber while under ground. The process was in gist, applying a solution of sulphate of copper, and when perfectly dry then apply a solution of water glass. This, it is stated, had been efficacious in preserving sleepers for a Railroad Company in Europe. I also notice in this week's paper, in the same column, another preventative of decay in timber, which is the oil of tar, or creosote, being acknowledged by engineers and builders as being one of the most valuable articles known for the preservation of timber, such as piles, supports of bridges, and railroad sleepers. Now, the question suggests itself, Why would not a remedy like either of the above answer for posts, by making them impervious to air or water, and therefore indestructible by decay? Now, will some one of your scientific farmers and contributors to the "Dollar Newspaper" please answer the above questions? The information, however little, will be highly appreciated by those most interested in the preservation of fencing material. In conclusion, I would say, that the importance of this subject demands the consideration of our Agricultural Societies, and I think would advance the interests of farmers more than many other less important subjects.

Cumberland Co., N. J., 1861. B. W. R.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

GRAPES.—Seeing an inquiry in the issue of the 19th ult., relative to several varieties of grapes, I send you my experience with one or two of them—in case you do not have answers more satisfactory. The writer is not much given to grape culture, and can speak experimentally of only two varieties. I have a vine of the Diarias, eight or ten years old. It began to bear at three years from root, and bore every year since, with one exception, when our vines of all kinds, except the most hardy varieties, were all killed to the root. It is a hardy, vigorous vine, of very thrifty growth and heavy bearer, easily propagated; clusters grow to a good size and very compact, rather too much so; berries medium size, greenish white, with a fine purple blush when ripened; pulp soft, sweet and delicious, more so than the Isabella, or any other grape I have tasted; about a week earlier than the Isabella. Should think in your latitude it would be secure from frost, ripen thoroughly, and be in all respects one of the first if not the best you can procure. We have another variety your inquiries did not mention, quite in vogue here for its early ripening, hardy nature and prolific bearing—the Hartford Prolific. It ripens earlier than any other of the cultivated varieties, is very hardy and fruitful; berries large, nearly or quite black and soft; the quality about a medium between the cultivated varieties and the best wild natives, chiefly valued for its early ripening and sure production. Should your inquirer wish for more specific details of experience in its culture I can supply it. Would remark if he is going into the culture, there are several small grape manuals. One, if my memory serves me, by Doctor Grant, of Iowa, giving all necesary details, but perhaps he chooses individual experience.

D.

CORN BY MEASUREMENT.—*Soudersburg, Pa.*—A contributor to the "Newspaper" wishes a sure way to tell the quantity of corn by measurement in a crib or wagon-bed, say, ten feet three inches wide, and two feet three inches deep? How many bushels of corn in the ear, and how many bushels shelled corn.

ANSWER.—	FEET.	INCHES.		INCHES.
	10	3	=	123
	3	3	=	39
	2	3	=	27
	inches.			

123 x 39 x 27 = 129519 ÷ 2250 = 57 bushels 56-100 x in the ear, and 57. 56 ÷ 2 = 28 78-100 shelled corn.

C. H.

CIDER.—*Wayne Co., O.*—To keep cider from becoming hard take it from the press and let it lay a few days, till it begins to work, then rack it off, and clean the barrel, and put it back, and add to each barrel two pounds of the common horse-radish root, to be pounded up before putting in the cider; this will preserve it sweet for one year at least, and I should think longer.

W. C.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES.

BEARDLESS BARLEY.—*Wayne County, O.*—Will Buckeye inform a reader of the "Newspaper" where the seed of the Beardless Barley can be obtained, which he has described in the "Dollar Newspaper?" Will he also give his address in the Newspaper, for I wish to communicate with him on the subject?

W. C.

OYSTER SHELL LIME.—Can you, or any of your readers, give the method of burning oyster shells for using on land? The number of bushels of coal to the hundred bushel shells, &c.? An answer through the "Newspaper" will be thankfully received by a subscriber.

Z.

CATTLE SICKNESS.—*Adrian, Mich.*—Allow me to inquire, through the columns of the "Newspaper," the cause and cure of a disease just broken out in this place among cattle. The only appearance of sickness at first is a refusal to eat and drink. After about forty-eight hours they become blind, and seem inclined to stand with their head braced or leaning against something. In perhaps ten hours from the time they are blind, they become furious. They lay quietly for a moment, then rise with a lunge, tearing down fences, and bellowing and raving until almost exhausted, at the same time frothing at the mouth and constantly chewing, and thus they die in two or three hours. On examination we find the gall very much enlarged and the lower part of the lungs somewhat inflamed, and the small intestines that are connected with the pancreas, or sweet-bread, are quite brown and very tender. This disease is so far confined to one man's cattle, three of which have died within five days. Any information concerning this disease will be thankfully received by a

FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BLACK KNOTS ON TREES.

The black knots or warts, which have for so long a time disfigured and injured our cherry and plum trees, are beginning to show themselves upon other trees also. An acquaintance recently gave me a twig broken off from a white oak tree standing in or near one of our burial grounds, and containing within a space of about six and a half inches of its length, no less than *five knots*—three in the centre of that space and one at each end of it. These knots are of a roundish form, rough surface, and blackish color, and vary from one to about one inch and a quarter in diameter or thickness and joined together. The tree that this twig came from was, I am imformed, full of such knots; and other trees, close by it, also have a good many of such knots on their limbs. Now it would appear from this, that these knots or warts will, like a disease in the human family, continue to spread until even our *forest* trees are more or less affected or injured by these unsightly and injurious excrescences. How is it with the forest trees of *other* regions of our country? Are they yet free from or beginning to exhibit such signs of disease and destruction? And what can be done to arrest and prevent this threatened ruin of these and other noble forest trees?

WEST BRANCH.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

TRIMMING APPLE TREES.

The question is often asked, when is the best time and the best way to trim apple trees? I tried all times in the year, and I have found the spring, early spring, the best time, before the sap begins to flow, if possible, and that is a time when farmers have not much else to do, and as to the manner of doing it. It is a very common practice to use an axe to cut the branches off. I had been in the habit of using that instrument for a number of years, it being the quickest and easiest mode of taking off the larger limbs especially; but one day, while I was engaged in chopping the limbs off a tree near the road, a neighbor came along and suggested that the saw would be a better instrument to trim with, as it would leave a smooth stalk. I tried it and found that not only was there an improvement in the appearance of things, but that where the limb had been sawed off, the bark grew over the ends, so that in a year or two it could scarcely be seen where the branch had been taken off. The wood cut did not rot as it does when cut with the axe. Indeed, so great is the difference in favor of the saw, that I would not let any person use the axe in my orchard, if he would work for nothing.

L. L.

SCIENCE AND ART.

INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

RIFLED CANNON.—The Armstrong and Whitworth guns have for a long time been competitors for the public favor. The peculiarities of these two guns may be thus briefly stated. The Armstrong shot is coated with lead, to allow of its passing the rifle grooves—this being considered by some the objectionable feature in this celebrated cannon. A solid iron shot cannot be turned, or, rather, returned, to any offensive use unless it happen to fit the bore of any hostile cannon most exactly. The leaden jacket, or coating, is, however, necessary to the Armstrong plan of rifling.

The Armstrong guns are made of flat bars and flat rings of wrought iron twisted and welded together. The Whitworth guns are made out of homogeneous iron or steel—that is, iron run from crucibles into moulds, so as to form one solid, compact, homogeneous mass. Both guns are breech loaders, both have a direct passage through from breech to muzzle, and both breeches open and close by means of levers and screws. In the Armstrong gun the breech-piece is small and separate, and others may be any number ready to replace a lost or damaged one. In the Whitworth gun the breech-piece is heavy, and opens clumsily on a hinge, so as to be quite in the way during loading, and liable to accident. Injury to the breech would be for the time ruinous to the gun. This hinged breech is considered the weak point in the Whitworth gun. Homogeneous iron is better than welded iron bars, and the even bore and solid shot are far better than the lead-coated shot. It requires a power of many tons weight to force one of Armstrong's lead-coated shot through from breech to muzzle; but any child may easily push one of the Whitworth shot through his guns, the fit is so true, even and easy. The Armstrong gun cannot be used as a muzzle-loader; the Whitworth gun can be so used if required. A Whitworth ball will pass through forty feet of sand, and continue in a direct line at any angle through water; the rifle bullet has a range of two thousand yards.

STEAM VERSUS FIRE.—At a fire which broke out recently in a large candle manufactory in Paris, the flames were quickly subdued by steam, generated in the ordinary boilers of the establishment, and directed to the burning portions of the building by tubes prepared for the purpose in case of emergency. A vast quantity of valuable property was thus saved, and the matter has since been the topic of lively discussion among the scientific men of France.

This method of extinguishing, or rather stifling fires is, however, not new. It was first applied in 1837 by a citizen of Lille, who proclaimed his theory, but met with little encouragement. He justly maintained that air being the sole element of combustion, the bare act of stifling the current must be sufficient to extinguish flame; and nothing was better calculated to effect this than the light elastic vapor generated by steam, which, excluding atmospheric air, takes its place and at once arrests combustion.

In 1840 a burning cotton factory at Amiens was saved in this manner, and in 1852 the French distilleries were provided by law with safety tubes, by which steam in vast quantities could be brought to bear on every department of the building. The dimensions of these tubes are prescribed by law, and are in every case to be sufficient to combat liquid fire produced by alcohol in case of ignition.

The importance of this discovery will be apparent to every one engaged in manufacturing pursuits. They have little to fear from fire who provide their factories with those safety tubes, and with the portable apparatus by which the steam can be ejected at will into any desired apartment. So important is this discovery deemed in France, that the Minister of Marine has given orders to apply it to the steam vessels now lying at Toulon. If successful, it will be applied to all the steamers of the French navy, and ultimately to Atlantic and other passenger steamers; nor is it at all likely that France will long monopolize this simple fire annihilator.

PURIFYING FOUL WATER.—Mr. Spencer, the well-known English chemist, some time since experimentally ascertained that the magnetic oxide of iron, which abounds in rocky strata, and in sands, etc., attracts oxygen, whether it exists in water or in air, and polarizes it; that this polarized oxygen is the salubrifying ozone, and that this ozone, so formed, destroys all discoloring and polluting organic solutions in water, and converts them into the sparkling and refreshing carbonic acid of the healthful spring. Even sewerage water can be thus almost instantaneously purified. Moreover, it is discovered that the apparently mechanical process of filtration is itself magnetical, and it is known that all substances are constitutionally more or less subject to magnetical influence. Thus all extraneous matter suspended in water may be rapidly attracted in filtration, and so separated; and this may be done, whether on a great scale or small, either by the magnetic oxide or black sand of iron, by a mixture of this with ordinary sand, or by various other means. Mr. Spencer is said to have discovered a solid porous combination of carbon with magnetic oxide, prepared from Cumberland hematite, and which is stated to possess very great filtering power.

INGENIOUS POCKET INSTRUMENT.—An ingenious little pocket instrument—the invention of the late Mr. Herapath—is now manufactured and offered for sale by the London instrument makers. It is styled the pocket metra, and its description is as follows: In a brass case, less than three inches square and an inch thick, are contained a clinometer, thermometer, goniometer, level, magnifying lens, measure for wire gauze, plummet, platina, scales of various sizes, and an anemometer. The traveller can ascertain by its means the temperature, the force of the wind, the latitude, the position of the rocks, or survey and map his route. The geologist can determine and draw the direction and amount of the dip of the rocks, the angles of cleavage and crystallization, or examine, by means of tourmaline, the bottoms of pools of shallow depths along the coast lines, otherwise invisible to the eye. The miner can survey and level the roof or floor of his workings, and ascertain the temperature of the air under ground, discover whether the ventilation is deficient, or see whether the wires of his Davy lamp are in safe condition.

ENGLISH WAX CANDLES.—It it well known that wax is not well adapted for moulding, on account of its tendency to adhere to the mould, and its great contraction in cooling; and though these difficulties may be overcome, yet it is found more advantageous to make the candles in some other manner. In the principal English establishments, the manufacture is conducted as follows: The first process consists in warming the wicks in a stove, and then suspending them to a hoop placed over a vessel of melted wax. The operator pours the melted wax with a ladle on to each wick in succession, and at the same time causes the wick to revolve on its axis by the motion of the fingers; when the candles are about one-third made, they are allowed to cool for a time, and the operation of pouring repeated until the candles are about half made, which is ascertained by the eye or by weighing. Whilst still warm, they are removed from the hooks and subjected to a process of rolling them between two marble slabs, so as to render them uniform in thickness. The upper end of each candle is now formed by cutting down the wax to a metal tag which covered one end of the wick. The candles are then again suspended to the hoops, the end which had previously hung downwards being now upwards, and the operation of basting and rolling repeated as often as necessary. The lower ends of the candles are cut off to make them of equal length. The wicks are always made of twisted unbleached Turkey cotton.

A VOICE OF THE LOYAL NORTH.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

We sing "Our Country's" song to night,
With saddened voice and eye;
Her banner droops in clouded light
Beneath the wintry sky.
We'll pledge her once in golden wine
Before her stars have set;
Though dim one reddening orb may shine,
We have a Country yet.

'Twere vain to sigh o'er errors past,
The fault of sires or sons;
Our soldier heard the threatening blast
And spiked his useless guns;
He saw the star wreathed ensign fall
By mad invaders torn;
But saw it from the bastioned wall
That laughed their rage to scorn!

What though their angry cry is flung
Across the howling wave—
They smite the air with idle tongue
The gathering storm who brave;
Enough of speech! the trumpet rings;
Be silent, patient, calm—
God help them, if the tempest swings
The pine against the palm!

Our toilsome years have made us tame;
Our strength has slept unfelt;
The furnace-fire is slow to flame
That bids our plowshares melt;
'Tis hard to lose the bread they win
In spite of Nature's frowns—
To drop the iron threads we spin
That weave our web of towns.

So see the rustling turbines stand
Before the emptied flumes,
To fold the arms that flood the land
With rivers from their looms—
But harder still for those who learn
The truth forgot so long;
When once their slumbering passions burn,
The peaceful are the strong!

The Lord have mercy on the weak,
And calm their frenzied ire,
And save our brothers ere they shriek
"We played with Northern fire!"
The eagle hold his mountain height—
The tiger pace his den!
Give all the country, each his right!
God keep us all! Amen!

National Fast, Jan. 5, 1861.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIGNING OF THE CHINESE TREATY.

The destruction of the palace of the Chinese Emperor was the greatest proof of the power of England and the weakness of the Emperor that could be given. Besides, it was necessary to inflict some great punishment for their wanton tortures of the prisoners. The palace, called Yuen-Ming-Yuen was held in great veneration on account of its being the constant residence of the Emperor and Court. The gardens and buildings were famous throughout China for their beauty and magnificence, and large sums were expended annually on their maintenance. Here, too, the tablets of the dynasty were preserved, on whose safety, in popular estimation, the existence of the reigning family depends. Some idea of its vastness may be formed from the fact that from the place that was first seized by the French on the 6th of October, it was at least six or seven miles before the last building of Yuen-Ming-Yuen was reached. This was at the foot of the first range of hills that bound the plain to the north of Pekin. Over this large extent of ground were gardens, palaces, temples and pagodas, on artificial hills, some of them 300 and 400 feet in height, with forest trees of all kinds covering their sides, through the green foliage of which were seen the yellow-tiled roofs of the various Imperial residences. A large lake lay buried in the midst of these wooded hills, with two or three islands on it, with picturesque buildings, joined to the mainland by quaint, but beautiful stone bridges. On one side of the lake, extending upwards of two miles, winding in and out, among grottoes and through flower gardens, roofed in by flowering creepers, was the favorite walk of the Emperor and his Court; in some places, where the palaces came to the water's edge, the walk was carried past them on a light and beautiful stone terrace overhanging the lake. The high mountains of Tartary forming the background made it, while it certainly was one of the most curious, also one of the most beautiful scenes in the world.

Two days were required effectually to set fire to and destroy all the buildings and walks of Yuen-Ming-Yuen. Much valuable property that it was impossible to remove was destroyed. It is said that it exceeded two millions sterling, exclusive of the buildings.

The burial of the remains of the murdered prisoners, Messrs. De Norman, Boulby, Anderson and Philips, took place with much solemnity. Lord Elgin and Sir Hope Grant were chief mourners. The pall-bearers were the members of the Embassy and the Commander-in-chief's staff, Fane and some officers of his regiment, and some men of the King's Dragoon Guards. Parkes and Loch, who had shared their captivity, but had escaped almost by a miracle the fate of these their poor companions, walked on either side of De Norman's coffin. Numbers of officers of both armies, including the French Commander-in chief, closed the procession. The Russian Minister, Gen. Ignatioff, placed the Russian cemetery at the disposal of the Commander-in-chief. They were all buried in one grave; the service was performed by the chaplain to the forces, the Rev. Mr. McKee; and one of the most striking occurrences was the presence at the grave, in their vestments, of a Roman Catholic and Greek priest, who joined their prayers to ours over the remains of our murdered countrymen.

It being impossible to obtain a suitable house for the abode of Lord Elgin, Prince Kung was requested to assign him some private place. The Prince of Li's was at once named. It is a building of vast extent, the out-houses alone being able to accommodate 3000 soldiers. But like all Chinese palaces, it was in such a state of decay that 300 Chinese had to be employed to render it habitable.

The ratification of the treaty took place with much pomp. At the appointed day Lord Elgin entered the city in state. Great crowds filled the streets and much curiosity was manifested to get a glimpse of the "Great Barbarian." Business was commenced by Lord Elgin telling Mr. Wade to hand the translation of his full powers to Kung, with the request to see his in return. Prince Kung said his were not so full, but equally ample as to powers, and gave Lord Elgin the Emperor's decree conferring on him full powers to negotiate and conclude a peace, and also to affix the great seal of the Empire as a ratification to the treaty. The convention was signed, each Plenipotentiary affixing his seal.

The treaties were then exchanged, Kung sealing it with the great seal of the Empire, certifying under his seal and signature that the ratification of the treaty had been duly effected, and that affixing the great seal of the Empire meant the acceptance by the Emperor of all the conditions and responsibilities contained in the treaty.

A few interchanges of good wishes for the results of the treaty, passed between Lord Elgin and Prince Kung, the latter remarking that many mistakes had been made heretofore in their intercourse with foreigners, but he had now taken it into his own hands, and he hoped a new state of things would commence.

Lord Elgin then rose; Kung walked a short distance across the platform, and then stopped; Lord Elgin did so likewise, and it was only after vigorous beckoning of the Mandarins attending on Kung and Lord Elgin stopping that Kung was induced, after a few hesitating pauses, to accompany him to the edge of the dais.

Prince Kung, half-brother to the Emperor, is about 28 years old. His face is that of a capricious, dissolute, used up Oriental—not improved, perhaps, by the victories of the "Barbarians."

Jefferson's Wedding and his Wedding Night

The following pleasing picture is from the early days of Jefferson, in the New York Century:—"Belinda!"—Jefferson's first love—had been married many years, and her old admirer was approaching thirty, when he met with a young lady of twenty-two, who produced a strong impression upon him. She was a little above the medium height, slender, but elegantly formed. A fair complexion with a delicate tint of the rose; large hazel eyes, full of life and feeling, and luxuriant hair of a rich, soft auburn, formed a combination of attractions which were eminently calculated to move the heart of a youthful bachelor. In addition to all this, the lady was admirably graceful; she rode, danced, and moved with an elegant ease, and sang and played on the harpsichord very sweetly. And still to these accomplishments the possession of excellent good sense, very considerable cultivation, a warm, loving heart, and last, though not least, notable talents for housekeeping, and it will not be difficult to understand how the youthful Mr. Jefferson came to visit very frequently at the lady's residence in the county of Charles City. It was called "The Forest," and the name was Mrs. Martha Skelton. She was a daughter of John Wayles, an eminent lawyer, and had married in her seventeenth year, Mr. Barthurst Skelton, who dying in 1768, left his young wife a widow at nineteen. As the three years of mourning began to expire, the beautiful lady found herself besieged at "the Forest" by numerous visiters. Of these, three were favorites with the fair Mrs. Skelton, of whom Mr. Thomas Jefferson was one. It is said that the pretensions of the rivals were decided either by the musical accomplishments of the counsellor, or by the fears of his opponents. That the unfortunate gentlemen encountered each other on Mrs. Skelton's door step, but hearing Mr. Jefferson's violin and voice accompanying the lady in a pathetic song, gave up the contest henceforth and retired without entering, convinced that the affair was beyond their control. However this may be, it is certain that the beautiful widow consented to become Mrs. Jefferson; and on the first day of January, 1772, there was a great festival at "The Forest." Friends and kindred assembled from far and near. There was frolicking and dancing after the abundant old fashion; and we find from the bridegroom's note book that the servants and fiddlers received fees from his especial pocket. It snowed without, but within all was mirth and enjoyment, in the light and warmth of the great log fires, roaring in honor of the occasion. Soon after the performance of the ceremony, the bridegroom and his bride set out in their carriage for "Monticello," where Mr. Jefferson had commenced building in 1769, just before the destruction by fire of his paternal house of "Shadwell." The journey was not to end without adventures. As they advanced towards the mountains the snow increased in depth, and finally they were compelled to leave their carriage and proceeded on their way on horseback. Stopping to rest at "Blenheim," the seat of Col Carter, where they found, however, no one but an overseer, they left it at sunset, resolutely bent upon reaching Monticello before night. It was eight miles distant, and the road, which was rather a mountain bridle path than an honest highway, was encumbered with snow three feet deep. It was late when they arrived, and a cheerless reception awaited them—or, rather, there was no reception at all. The fires were all out, the servants had gone to bed, and the place was dark and silent. Conducting his wife to the little pavilion, which was the only part of the house habitable at the time, Mr. Jefferson proceeded to do the honors. On a shelf behind some books, part of a bottle of wine was discovered, and this formed the supper of the bridegroom and the bride. Far from being annoyed or discomfited by their reception, it only served afterwards as a topic of jest and laughter.

EX-SECRETARY FLOYD AT A BANQUET.

J. B. Floyd, ex-Secretary of War, was entertained at a banquet in Richmond on the 11th instant, and made a long speech, in the course of which he said:

"Mr. Attorney Black said we must execute the laws. I, said Mr. Floyd, could not quite bow to that. Mr. Buchanan said, 'This question of the forts is a question of property.' I agreed to that. I said more. I said, 'I am your Secretary, and have in my hands this property of the forts. I will turn over to my sucessor that property inviolate. I know these people of South Carolina; I went to school among them. I know they are not thieves. Isaac Hayne, Manigault and Frank Pickens are good man; they are great men, and I will back their honesty and integrity, if necessary, with my blood. But I cannot consent that you place among them a military power that would choke them to the ground.' At a subsequent interview with the President, he said to me, 'Mr. Floyd, what about sending recruits and recruits.' 'Don't you intend to strengthen the forts at Charleston?' he asked. I replied, 'I do not.' Said he, 'I would rather be at the bottom of the Potomac to-morrow than that these forts should be in the hands of those who intend to take them. It will destroy me—it will cover your name, which is an honored one, with infamy, for you will never be able to show that you had not some complicity in it.' I said, 'Mr. President, trust me—there is no danger. I will stake my reputation and I will stake my life, that the forts of Charleston will not be touched.' I said this because I felt it. The President then said—'But, Mr. Floyd, does that secure the sort?' 'No, sir,' said I, 'but it is the best guarantee I can give you that they will not be touched.' He replied: 'I am not satisfied.' Said I: 'It is yours to command, and you will be obeyed. You can strengthen the forts, but it will lead to the effusion of blood. You can, however, put an orderly sergeant there—a man with a worsted epaulette and a stripe on his pantaloons. He is a representative man—[laughter]—the representative of the stars and stripes, and of Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle. He can stand there and so proclaim himself, and his authority will be respected. Why not submit to Congress the question of the secession of South Carolina. Congress may say a State has a right to withdraw, or may say we repudiate the right of secession—we will send down our armies to compel you to submission. Do this, and I will wait the issue.' Mr. Floyd then proceeded to state that he called to his aid Jefferson Davis, 'that bright Saladin of the South;' Mason and Hunter, with other Southern as well as Northern men, and talked with the President, and he then said: 'I am content with your policy—we will send no more troops to the harbor of Charleston.' It delighted me, and I now thought the question capable of peaceful solution. Mr. Floyd next spoke of General Cass, to whom he threw a tribute. General Cass said: 'These forts must be surrendered. I demand it.' This, gentlemen, is the Northern sentiment. The President replied: 'I am sorry to differ from the Secretary of the State, but the interests of the country do not demand a reinforcement of the forts at Charleston. I cannot do it. I take the responsibility.' The next day General Cass resigned. Thus matters stood, when there was a proposition to send for General Scott."

Hints on Washing the Hands, etc.

Some "philosophy" is useful in even so simple a matter as washing the hands; if any doubt it, let her wash a microscope examine the surface to be cleansed by water, and she will be interested, and perhaps shocked at the discoveries made. Instead of a smooth surface of skin, presenting, when unwashed, a dingy appearance, there will be seen a rough, corrugated surface, with irregular furrows in which the foreign particles are deposited like earth among the rough paving stones of the street. If they lay loosely it would be an easy matter to dislodge them with a little cold water; but the pores, the waste pipes of the body, are continually discharging into these open drains, perspiration and oil, which, by evaporation, become a cement to hold the particles of dust, etc., and to remove them, requires both chemical and mechanical action. Warm water softens this cement, expands the furrows, and makes the skin pliable, so that by rubbing, the soil is disturbed and partly removed. But chemistry must aid a little before the process is complete; and soap is added, the alkali of which unites with the oily matters, and the whole is then easily disposed of.

The wash cloth is useful, because its threads or fibres work down among the furrows, like so many little brooms, sweeping them out; thence it should be soft and pliable. Flannel is preferable to cotton for this purpose, and a sponge is the best of all. Rough coarse cloths are objectionable, as they abrade the skin and leave it rough and more easily filled with dust than before. Harsh, strongly alkaline soap should be avoided for the same reason; it abstracts the